

انتخاب فیض

نقشِ قریبِ دی دشتِ صبا، زندانِ نامہ اور دشتِ ترسنگ
کی
منتخب غزلوں اور نظموں کا مجموعہ

و کٹر کزنان
استادِ جامعہ ایڈمبرا
منظوم انگریزی ترجمے کے ساتھ

باہتمام یو نیسکو
آئین اینڈ آن ون، لندن، انگلستان

۱۹۷۱ء

منظوم انگریزی ترجمے کے ساتھ

Poems by Faiz

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by
V. G. KIERNAN

London

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD

RUSKIN HOUSE MUSEUM STREET

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1971

This book is copyright under the Berne Convention. All rights are reserved. Apart from any fair dealing for the purpose of private study, research, criticism or review, as permitted under the Copyright Act, 1956, no part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, electrical, chemical, mechanical, optical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the copyright owner. Enquiries should be addressed to the publishers.

UNESCO COLLECTION OF REPRESENTATIVE WORKS
PAKISTAN SERIES

This work was prepared for the Pakistan Series
of the Translations Collection
of the United Nations
Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization
(UNESCO)

© George Allen & Unwin Ltd 1971

ISBN 0 04 891040 6

PK
2200
.F25
A24

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
in 10pt Old Style type
BY UNWIN BROTHERS LIMITED
WOKING AND LONDON

3-6-72

ABEL

انتساب

بیگم ایس فیض کے نام

TO
ALYS FAIZ AHMED

CONTENTS

FOREWORD	9
PREFACE	13
INTRODUCTION	21

POEMS FROM *REMONSTRANCE* (NAQSH-E-FARYĀDĪ) 1943

1	Last Night	49
2	God Never Send	51
3	Nocturne	55
4	Tonight	59
5	A Scene	63
6	Love, Do Not Ask	65
7	To The Rival	69
8	Solitude	77
9	A Few Days More	79
10	Dogs	83
11	Speak	87
12	Poetry's Theme	91
13	Our Kind	97
14	To A Political Leader	101
15	Oh Restless Heart	105
16	My Fellow-Man, My Friend	109

POEMS FROM *FINGERS OF THE WIND* (DAST-E-ŞABĀ) 1952

17	If Ink And Pen	117
18	At Times	119
19	Freedom's Dawn (August 1947)	123
20	Tablet And Pen	129
21	Do Not Ask	133
22	Her Fingers	135
23	Lyre And Flute	137
24	Once More	149
25	This Hour Of Chain And Gibbet	151
26	At The Place Of Execution	155
27	Whilst We Breathe	159
28	Among Twilight Embers	161
29	Two Loves	163

30	To Some Foreign Students	173
31	August 1952	179
32	Bury Me Under Your Pavements	183
33	A Prison Nightfall	189
34	A Prison Daybreak	193

POEMS FROM *PRISON THOUGHTS* (ZINDĀN-NĀMA) 1956

35	Oh City Of Many Lights	201
36	The Window	205
37	'Africa, Come Back'	209
38	This Harvest Of Hopes	213

POEMS FROM *DURESS* (DAST-E-TAH-E-SANG) 1965

39	Sinkiang	219
40	Loneliness	225
41	Evening	227
42	Not Enough	231
43	Solitary Confinement	235
44	Hymn Of Praise	239
45	Like Flowing Wine	243
46	My Visitor	245
47	This Hail Of Stones	249
48	Before You Came	253
49	Be Near Me	257
50	An Idyll	261

UNCOLLECTED POEMS

51	Song	267
52	'Black-Out'	269
53	Heart-Attack	273
54	Prayer	277

NOTES ON THE INTRODUCTION

NOTES ON THE POEMS

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

281

283

287

FOREWORD

This volume is an expansion of a set of verse translations from Faiz which were begun in a forest rest-house on the banks of Woollar Lake in Kashmir in the summer of 1945, continued at intervals over the next dozen years, and published in 1958 at Delhi (later reprinted at Lahore). These translations have now been revised throughout, and also brought into line with the latest editions of the originals: Faiz is a reviser and polisher, as careful literary craftsmen have often been, and has made various alterations over the years. Sixteen poems are added, from his last published collection and from some recent verses that have not yet appeared in book form. All these, like most of the former set, were chosen by Faiz himself, and all the translations have been discussed with him.

In addition, this volume contains the Urdu text of each poem, with a romanized transliteration and a literal prose rendering. This apparatus is designed to assist Western students of the language, who are beginning to be rather less few than they used to be; it is hoped that it may be of service also to some East Pakistanis and Indians desirous of acquainting themselves with the Urdu literature of West Pakistan. Even to readers not concerned with the language it may be hoped that the Urdu text will make an artistic appeal. It has been written by Syed Saqlain Zaidi, reputed by many to be one of the finest copyists now working in Pakistan of the *nasta'liq* form of the Arabic script, which developed in Persia by the fifteenth century and went through a further evolution in Indo-Pakistan.

An experiment at turning this script into roman letters may not be without interest for Urdu-speakers familiar with English, besides its practical value for learners of Urdu. It must I think be admitted that while the Persian-Arabic script can be exquisitely ornamental, it is far less well adapted to the requirements of a utilitarian age. Even as calligraphy it is already, according to many connoisseurs in Pakistan, a declining art in which a *kātib* such as Syed Saqlain Zaidi is likely to have few successors. Like the Chinese characters, it grew in a society where writing was confined to a few; both, possibly, may have a better chance of keeping their artistic quality if their more modern and mundane duties are handed over to the workaday alphabet that has already been adopted in Turkey and debated in China and India. Faiz's poems, it may be remarked, are circulating in India not only in Urdu script but also in the less decorative but far

more scientific Nagari script of Hindi, without losing much by the change except in the eyes of lovers of *nasta'liq* whose loyalty to it, aesthetic or sentimental, can only be respected.

I am grateful to the People's Publishing House of Delhi for readily acceding to the re-issue of the translations published by it; and to Mr Altaf Gauhar, a senior civil servant at Rawalpindi, for lending his good offices towards securing the approval of the Government of Pakistan for the preparation of this volume under the auspices of Unesco. I owe many thanks to Syed Saqlain Zaidi for the patience and skill with which he adapted himself to the exceptional demands made on him by the plan of this edition; also to Syed Babar Ali, once a pupil of mine in the Aitchison College at Lahore and now managing director of the firm of Packages Ltd there, for generously lending the services of this distinguished *kātib*, who has been in his firm's employment. With regard to the rest of the work, my own knowledge of the language and its literary complexities is very far from sufficient to have enabled me to get on without a great deal of aid and counsel. 'Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but as you would say a cobbler.' In an undertaking beset with so many linguistic and technical problems I cannot hope in the end to have avoided all errors, and for whatever errors may remain I must blame myself and not my counsellors. Among these Vazir ul-Hasan Abedi, Reader in Persian at the Oriental College of the University of the Panjab at Lahore, has been very helpful on nice points both of text and of translation. Mr R. Russell, Reader in Urdu at the London School of Oriental Studies, gave me the benefit of his knowledge of systems of transliteration from Urdu; and he was kind enough to read and point out lapses in the first draft of the Introduction, as was also Faiz's and my old friend of Lahore days, Mr Som Nath Chib. Faiz himself, besides supplying many elucidations of meaning, and other information, likewise read this draft, and made a number of criticisms which I have been happy to avail myself of, even if I cannot feel sure that even now everything in it would meet with his agreement. His wife has been invaluable in expediting correspondence on all these matters.

I owe it to two others to say that without their help and encouragement, continued over a good many years, the work could not have been carried out at all. Sardar Malik Khayyam d'Ashkelon, of the Arts and Letters Division of Unesco at Paris, has been indefatigable in smoothing away the numerous obstacles that have cropped up, at the cost of having to write enough letters to fill another tome. With such representatives Unesco can worthily play its part as patron of letters, modern successor to Harun al-Rashid or Lorenzo

the Magnificent. In thanking once again one of my oldest friends, Dr Nazir Ahmad, lately Principal of Government College, Lahore, I have to repeat what I have written elsewhere, that my translations from both Faiz and Iqbal would have been impossible without the benefit of his literary knowledge and judgment and his unlimited generosity in bestowing them, and his time and labour, on others. For the present edition he took on himself the further and onerous duty of preparing the Urdu text. But I should exhaust myself in what to anyone unacquainted with him would appear hyperbole, if I tried to do justice to the qualities for which Dr Nazir Ahmad is known in his own country to a host of admirers in every walk of life.

V. G. KIERNAN

('and'), but only when the two words are so closely associated by meaning or convention as to form really a single compound, e.g. in no. 23, line 34, *lauh-o-qalam*, but *tabl o 'alam*.

I have thought it helpful to put hyphens between some common prefixes and their nouns (*be-kas*, *be-tāb*, *nā-tawān*); and between one or two suffixes and their pronouns (*mujh-ko*, *jis-se*), though it may be noted that in modern Urdu writing the tendency is to write these as separate words instead of running them together as formerly.

Enclitics are joined to their nouns or pronouns with hyphens, e.g. *safaid-sā* ('whitish'), *chhanakti-hi* (no. 15, line 16); *main-ne*, *ṣabā-ne*.

In the romanized text punctuation is supplied; in the Urdu text no more could be done, without disfiguring the calligraphy, than to make a few tentative insertions. The refined Western art of punctuation has no counterpart in the East; in Urdu verse it must have been discouraged both by the prevalence of the end-stopped line and couplet, and by the habit of listening to poetry rather than reading it. At its present stage of development Urdu would seem to an onlooker to stand in urgent need of a system of punctuation. In the meantime the student of Urdu verse must learn to appreciate the differences between its flow, its natural intervals, its logic of imagination, and those of Western poetry.

INTRODUCTION

Poets in this century, like leaders of nations, have emerged from some unexpected nooks and corners. Faiz Ahmed's forbears were Muslim peasants of the Panjab, that green patch between mountain and desert, between middle India and inner Asia. His father, born with the instincts of a wanderer, set off in early life to Afghanistan, where he rose high in the service of the Amir 'Abd ul-Rahman,¹ and acquired some of the habits of a feudal grandee. Having fallen foul of his royal employer and escaped in disguise, he turned up in England, where his advent aroused curiosity in the highest circles: Afghanistan was always a sensitive spot in the perimeter of the empire. Cambridge and Lincoln's Inn, a bizarre exchange for Kabul and Kandahar, made a lawyer of him, and he returned at length to his birthplace to practise: not with great financial success, for lavish habits were hard to shake off, and an old man's tales of bygone splendour fell on less and less credulous ears.

If his son inherited an adventurous bent, his journeys of discovery were more of the mind, and it was not until long after he had grown up that he roamed far from home. It may have been a good thing for him that he did not go to Europe to study, as a young man of wealthier family would have done. Too many Indians of that day came back from the West full of enthusiasms that failed to survive transplantation, or that they could not spread to others. Faiz Ahmed imbibed the ideas of the nineteen-thirties, more gradually but tenaciously, from books or smuggled pamphlets, travellers' tales, and that impalpable genie known as the Spirit of the Age. They rooted themselves in his own soil, he saw them and their shadows by familiar sunlight; they took possession of his imagination, a stronghold from which ideas are less easily dislodged, as well as of his mind.

He studied, chiefly philosophy and English literature, at Lahore, the provincial capital and centre of the network of affiliated colleges making up the University of the Panjab, where a number of gifted young men came by education in the fullest sense of the word. In due course he gained a junior lecturing post in a college at Amritsar, where I first had the good fortune to get to know him, thirty years ago. It was a Muslim college in the city sacred to the Sikhs, where the communal passions already fermenting were strong. But there was no hostile frontier then as now between Amritsar and Lahore, and the Panjab was still in many ways a Sleepy Hollow where life moved at the pace of the feeble cab-horses drawing their two-

wheeled *tongas*; where young men could indulge in old carefree idle ways, with long hours of debate in coffee-houses and moonlight picnics by the river Ravi. In this mode of living, verse-making played a part it has long since lost in the busy practical West. It was a polite accomplishment, a hobby cultivated by men, and a few women, in varied walks of life; often, to be sure, a racking of brains over elusive rhymes not much more elevating than a Londoner's crossword-puzzle. The *mushā'ira* or public recitation by a set of poets in turn, the novice first, the most admired writer last, was a popular social gathering, as it still remains; an audience would often guess a rhyme-word or phrase before it came, and join in like a chorus. Radio, then getting under way, was lending it a new medium, broadening into an entertainment for a whole province what had begun long ago as the recreation of a small Court circle. It might be highly artificial, as when participants were supplied beforehand with a rhyme to manipulate; and a scribbler well endowed with voice could make the most hackneyed phrase or threadbare sentiment sound portentous by delivering them in the half-singing or chanting (*tarannum*) fashion, or the declamatory style of recitation, that many affected. Still, the institution has helped to keep poetry before the public, and, along with floods of commonplace, to make known an occasional new talent.

Faiz Ahmed rhymed with the rest, and unlike some innovators complied with usage by adopting a pen-name or *takhallus*—that of *Faiz*, meaning 'bounty' or 'liberality':² looking back one may be tempted to read into it a meaning not yet in his mind, dedication to the service of his fellow-men. He emerged quickly from among the poetasters of whom every year engendered a fresh swarm, though not by dint of cultivating an aesthetic deportment, as some did. To outward appearance he was a good-natured, easy-going fellow, fond of cricket and dawdling, those favourite pastimes of Lahore, and readier to let others talk than to talk himself. It was characteristic of him that when reciting his verses, whether among a few friends or in a crowded college gathering, he spoke them quietly and unexcitedly.

Their quality was naturally mixed. The fine quatrain that stands at the beginning of his first book of verse published in 1941 (no. 1 in this anthology) was not the first to be written. He began with exercises, conventional enough, on well-worn topics, sighing over the cruelty of a non-existent mistress or extolling the charms of the grape. These also were invested with some fanciful attributes, for beer and whisky, not wine, were the liquors that the British presence had familiarized in India, and for literary purposes a beverage had

to be poured not from bottle into glass but from flask into goblet. (*Shīsha*, a classical word, has come to be used for 'tumbler', but there is no term for 'bottle' except the impossible English word, spoken with a long 'o' and rhyming with Indian pronunciation of 'hotel'.)

But if Lahore was still on the surface an uneventful place, the tides of history were washing to and fro in India and the world outside, and their ripples reaching the Mall Road and the Kashmir Gate. Independence was only a decade away, and Faiz's lines were soon being coloured by patriotic feeling: almost as soon, by socialist feeling, for socialism was the new revelation that young idealists could invoke to exorcise communal rancours, by uniting the majority from all communities in a struggle against their common poverty, and to make independence a blessing to the poor as well as to the élite. History was to take a different turning; older forces and allegiances were to prove stronger, for a long time to come at least. But for young poets and story-writers national and social emancipation seemed to go together, and both to go with their own new-found freedom to try new subjects and methods. They were reading, and sometimes imitating (Faiz seldom if ever did this directly) Western writers like T. S. Eliot and Auden and Day Lewis. Their Progressive Writers' Association was a force in the land, and the Panjab had its own branch. Besides taking part in this Faiz, with the realistic sense he has always had that the poet is also a citizen, was getting in touch with groups of workingmen, and would spend evenings teaching them reading and writing and the ABC of politics.

Indian marriages were not made in heaven, but arranged, as they still often are, by careful parents, particularly in respectable Muslim families, whose women went out heavily veiled from head to foot. Faiz was once comically indignant at being invited to speak on Shakespeare in a girls' college, and made to address an unseen audience from the other side of a screen. In such an environment there was a double blessing for him in his marriage with an English-woman of remarkable character (whom I have the good fortune to have known even longer than I have known him); she has been ever since his best friend and guardian angel, and, with two daughters he is devoted to, has brought into his life a security that nothing else could have given it.

Before 1939 he had made a name for himself in literature; the war and its aftermath made room for him in political history too. This is not the place for a detailed review of his political or civic activities, but it is proper to emphasize that the ideals inspiring them have had a vital part in his literary development as well. They involved

him in dilemmas inescapable in an India verging on revolution or civil war, and then in a raw new Pakistan painfully collecting itself into a nation. No straight road through this chaos was to be found, and every individual had to make decisions of his own. In all that part of the world movements and loyalties have been apt, like its rivers, to come and go suddenly, one day in full spate, the next dried up. Faiz has remained all this time faithful to what might be called an enlightened, humanistic socialism; the kind of activity open to him has fluctuated with circumstances.

After the Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union in 1941, Faiz like many Indians saw the war in a new light, as a contest in which the destinies of mankind were at stake, and with the approval of his associates joined the welfare department of the army; he was to be met with now on the Mall in the uniform of a lieutenant-colonel, solemnly returning salutes from British soldiers. After independence came in 1947, accompanied by partition, he continued to hope, as he has always done, for good relations between the two countries. When Gandhi was murdered by a Hindu fanatic, for trying to protect the Muslim minority in India, Faiz was, as a London newspaper said, 'a brave enough man to fly from Lahore for Gandhi's funeral at the height of Indo-Pakistan hatred'.³ This hatred had been inflamed by the massacres, most terrible in the Panjab, that raged during the process of partition. To Faiz these horrors could only be expunged by the building of his new nation on principles of social justice and progress. One of his best-known poems (no. 19 here) expressed the tragic disillusionment of finding the promised land a Canaan—or so it seemed to him—only flowing with milk and honey for feudal landowners and self-seeking politicians.

With the removal by death of Pakistan's first and most trusted leaders, and reform and development sluggish, this disillusion soon became widespread. Editor now of the *Pakistan Times* of Lahore, Faiz made use of prose as well as verse to denounce obstruction at home and to champion progressive causes abroad; he made his paper one whose opinions were known and quoted far and wide, with respect if not everywhere with approval. He served as vice-president of the Trade Union Congress, and secretary of the Pakistan Peace Committee. This period ended abruptly with his arrest, along with a number of other figures, civil and military, in March 1951. The Rawalpindi Conspiracy trial unfolded its slow and somewhat mysterious length, during which a death-sentence was a lingering possibility, down to 1953, when Faiz was condemned to four years' imprisonment.⁴

His health suffered, but he was able to read, and think his own

thoughts, and collect materials for a long-promised (but still, alas, unperformed) history of Urdu literature. To him as a poet his prison term might be called a well-disguised blessing. His wartime work had been heavy; he lamented that as soon as a new couplet began to stir in his mind he had to get up and go back to his office. After the war his editorial desk was even more enslaving. He might indeed point to the files of his newspaper, as Lamb did to the ledgers of the East India Company, as his real works. Worst of all has been a social environment prodigally wasteful, everywhere south of the Himalayas, of the time of men whose time is of any value. Far more than in the West a writer's admirers show their appreciation of him by thronging about him and making it impossible for him to write, or to keep to any rational plan of work; custom imposes on all alike the same monstrous proportion of talking to thinking as that of sack to bread in Falstaff's tavern bills. Even Faiz's wife has only been able to rescue him by half or quarter from this asphyxiation. Prison enabled him to write what for him was a considerable number of poems, in which his ideals took on fresh strength by being alloyed with harsh experience, and which were eagerly devoured by the public, in spite of the charges weighing over him.

Released in 1955, Faiz took up journalism again, but this quickly brought another, briefer spell in jail, one incident in a prevailing confusion that political affairs were falling into, and that led to the assumption of power by the army.⁵ This did away with political confusion for the next decade, but also with nearly all political life, and it drastically curtailed the freedom of the press. Faiz's health moreover was no longer good, and a habit of perpetual cigarette-smoking, with a marked prejudice against physical exercise in any form, has not in these latter years improved it. He had to look for other kinds of work, cultural rather than political and in a way more congenial. He helped to make a film, which won international awards, about the lives of the fisherfolk, whom he visited and greatly liked, among the rivers of East Pakistan. He had plans for a national theatre, and with his wife sponsored a variety of local dramatic experiments. Drama is an art that found no entry into Islamic countries through the ages, and that Faiz believed might have a serious function in a new nation like Pakistan. In other elements of culture Indian Islam was rich, and it was his design to bring to light all that was capable of healthy growth among them, to help to form them into a modern national culture. He went back to his first vocation, teaching, and undertook the reorganization of a Karachi college founded by charitable endowment for poor students. When politics began to throw off, early in 1969, a long immobility, his

concern for the country's future showed itself as keen as ever. On March 1st he made a long statement, full of practical good sense, to a round-table conference of progressive groups at Rawalpindi.

He has been living of late years at Karachi, that odd medley of Victorian façades and modern industry and spreading suburban villas; always with a hankering for the picturesque dilapidation of the old city of Lahore, and even, in sentimental moments, for his paternal village, where it may be conjectured that he would quickly die of boredom. In these years he has travelled the world a good deal, as his literary fame spread; it was of course in socialist countries that he came to be known first. He has been in China and Sinkiang, and several times in the USSR, where a translation of all his poems in Russian verse was published in 1960; the Muslim areas of Soviet Asia had a special attraction for him, and he for them. He has been in the USA, and Cuba; and in England, though regrettably seldom, considering his English wife and friends and literary connections. Once he was tempted as far north as Edinburgh, where he found that he had miscalculated the temperature of a Scottish winter. Most remarkably, he has made frequent short visits to India. Urdu poetry has been one of the slender bridges left standing between the divided countries, and Faiz's poems are welcomed on both sides of the border. Some of his best poems have been in honour of peace.

Amid these gropings and wanderings Faiz has continued to write the short poems that made him famous. He has written, altogether, too little; a small collection of poems now and then, with gaps of years in between, and a number of essays, collected in 1964 into a volume of literary criticism. Not seldom his talent has been thought to be drying up, though it has always flowed again; not seldom he himself talks of giving up composition, which with him is not facile improvisation but demands long, arduous effort. It may be a related fact that any sort of communication with other minds has become for him, as he once said to me, more and more difficult. Through verse, when he is successful with it, he overcomes this difficulty; at a more modest level an evening's conviviality may transform him from a rather tongue-tied companion (a day with whom once reminded an intelligent young woman, a family friend of ours,⁶ of the silences of Colonel Bramble) into a ready and entertaining talker, with a lively sense of humour that finds little or no outlet in his verses.

What he has written, however much less than what he might, has brought him to something like the position of an unofficial poet laureate in West Pakistan, a land where poetry still makes an appeal potent enough to disarm some political and even religious

prejudice. Criticism, even abuse, for his opinions have never ceased to come his way, and there are traces of this to be discerned in some of his poems. To be a nationalist writer is easy, to be a national writer hard. As a poet whom his countrymen are proud of, and at the same time a target of frequent attacks, Faiz's situation has been a contradictory one, reflecting the contradictory moods of a nation still—as Iqbal said of all the East—in search of its soul.

Some of Faiz's poetry is simple and direct, but often it is couched in a literary idiom some knowledge of which is needed for its appreciation, and one more artificial—or artful—than most. Urdu itself as a language might be called a bundle of anomalies, beginning with the fact that this language of many virtues has no true homeland. It originated, from the early stages of the 'Muslim', or rather Central-Asian, conquest of India, as the lingua franca of the 'camp' (its name derives from the same Turki root as the English word *horde*). It was a mixture of the Arabicized Persian used by the invaders, themselves a miscellany of Turks and others, with some of the still unformed Hindi dialects of the upper Gangetic valley, or 'Hindustan'. In verb structure it was native Indian, a fact which entitles it to be classed as an *Indian* language; in vocabulary largely foreign, much as a simplified Anglo-Saxon base was overlaid after the Norman conquest with French or low-Latin words. Urdu and English both began, therefore, about the same time, as pidgin dialects, or hybrids, and gradually evolved into self-sufficient languages, with special qualities derived from their mixed antecedents, qualities of contrast and modulation of great significance for poetry. Some of Shakespeare's effects could only have been achieved in such a medium, and Urdu can combine the harmony of Persian with the energy of Arabic and the simplicity of rustic Hindi.

During its centuries of growth, Persian served as the administrative and literary language of the Muslim ruling circles, Sanskrit continued to be the learned language of Hindus. But Indian vernaculars, including Hindi, hitherto a group of dialects rather than a language, were also taking shape; and when with the crumbling of Muslim political ascendancy in the 18th century Urdu emerged as successor to Persian, it was bound to have to compete, sooner or later, with some of these others, Hindi in particular. Its original function as a lingua franca now belonged to the colloquial mixture often called 'Hindustani', on the level at which modern Urdu and Hindi are virtually identical. Muslims and Hindus had lived side by side for ages (and most Muslims were descendants of Hindu converts), and in humdrum practical matters understood one another well

enough. For more complex ideas—which neither had in fact been cultivating with much freshness for a long time—they had acquired little of a shared vocabulary. Hence when modern conditions brought the necessity of thinking on new lines, an élite culture suffused on each side with religious influences drew them in opposite directions. Learned Urdu has a diction heavily Persian and Arabic, learned Hindi heavily Sanskrit; and their scripts, the Persianized form of Arabic on the one hand, the Nagari or Sanskrit on the other, complete their mutual unintelligibility. It would be like this in English if half its users formed their technical and philosophical terms from Hebrew instead of Greek, and used Hebrew letters instead of Roman. Thus Urdu, originally a channel between older and newer inhabitants of India, in the past century has come to be one of the stumbling-blocks to fellow-feeling.

Urdu had grown not where there were most Muslims, in modern West and East Pakistan, but where Muslim political and cultural ascendancy was firmest, which was always in and round the capital cities—Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, Hyderabad. Muslim civilization everywhere in history has been an urban civilization. This means that today Urdu as a mother-tongue finds itself marooned in the heart of Hindu India, chiefly in the U.P., the old Hindostan, where some nationalists are disposed to question its title to exist, and some of its lovers—not all of them Muslims—regretfully feel it to be doomed to a slow decline; though on the other hand some new opportunities have come its way, notably in the cinema. In Pakistan it is being brought forward as a national language, as Hindi is in India. But East Pakistan has proved faithful to the Bengali that it shares with West Bengal in India. In the western Panjab, nucleus of West Pakistan, Urdu is the vehicle of literature, of the newspaper press, and of formal or ceremonial speech: it is employed for everyday purposes of writing, and is challenging English as the medium of higher education. But all familiar converse is carried on in Panjabi, a vernacular shared like Bengali with a province of India; a language, or as some would say a group of dialects, standing to Urdu in something like the relationship of the broadest of rural Scots to the most refined of Oxford English.

When the Mogul empire faded, and with it the old cultural links with Persia, it was chiefly the poetical part of the legacy of Persian that Urdu fell heir to. For public business, legal or administrative, and higher education, English was the successor. The Muslim community, socially an unbalanced one of feudal cast, with only an embryonic middle class, had few professional or commercial men with reason to write prose; and fallen from power, unable for long to

adapt itself to new times, it had stronger feelings than thoughts, an impulsion towards emotional verse more than towards rational prose. In Ghalib the language found the poet still regarded as its greatest. He belonged, until the Mutiny swept it away, to the shadowy Mogul court at Delhi, with its poignant contrast between present and past to kindle his imagination. Urdu prose on the contrary was virtually making its first start with Sir Sayyid Ahmad,⁷ who likewise began in Delhi but shook its ancient dust off his feet and entered English service before the Mutiny; his mental life was one of wrestling with the problem, for Muslim India, of its present and its future. Subsequent progress has been uneven, and since the birth of Pakistan it has been a disputed issue there whether, or how rapidly, Urdu can be made the medium of higher education, scientific included.⁸ Faiz is one of those most firmly convinced that it is capable of meeting every modern requirement.

As a poetical medium, Urdu might almost be a language made up by poets for their own benefit; a one-sided benefit no doubt by comparison with Western languages like English whose foremost poets, from Shakespeare down, have so often been first-rate prose writers as well. But this double faculty may be a thing of the past. Modern English may be too far secularized, overloaded with utilitarian burdens, to be capable any longer of poetry. A language like Urdu, with a smaller prose content, has so to speak a lower boiling-point, and boils up into poetry—or vaporizes into verse—more readily. As one consequence of this freedom from dull workaday business, Urdu may have gone on being tied more closely than need be to the apron-strings of classical Persian. This continued to be studied and read after its fall from power in India, and in West Pakistan still is so quite widely. Almost any Persian noun or adjective might be brought into an Urdu verse, just as any Greek word can nowadays be incorporated into English prose. Persian syntax too, notably the use of the *izāfat* (-e-) to join a noun either with its adjective or with its possessive, is retained to a much greater extent than in prose. Until a generation ago a whole Persian line or couplet might be inserted in an Urdu poem.

Between Mutiny and Great War two shifts, not unrelated, were taking place in Urdu poetry. It was coming to be less a lament for a lost past, and more an expression of the sensations of a Muslim community struggling to find its place in a changed world. Secondly, its main inspiration was migrating, with the coming of Iqbal, from the old centres, Delhi and Lucknow, northward to the Panjab; from early in this century to the partition, the two regions disputed the palm warmly between themselves, the older one priding itself at

least on higher polish and technical proficiency. Some analogy may be drawn between them and their counterparts in Ireland. In Hindostan the leading Muslims were gentry of old family, descendants of conquerors from abroad, but becoming in course of time more 'Indian' than the solid mass of Muslims in the north-west; as the Anglo-Irish gentry in southern Ireland were in most ways except religion more Irish than the solid mass of Protestant settlers in Ulster. In Ireland's literary renaissance early in this century Anglo-Irish southern Protestants played a large part. Urdu poets in Hindostan had been playing some such part. The shift northward to the Panjab (which scarcely had a parallel in Ireland) meant in the long run a turning away from India, and presaged the birth of Pakistan—or so we may see it in retrospect—decades before anyone dreamed of such a thing.

On the surface the Panjab might have seemed too dull and torpid to be a nesting-place for poetry. There were only two big towns, and hardly any modern industry; big landlords loyal to the British power, the creator of many of them, held a preponderant influence. Geography has in some epochs isolated the land of the Five Rivers, at other times filled it with vibrations from round about, according to the condition in which neighbouring regions have been. When these have flourished, it has been a meeting-ground of ideas, as of trade-routes, instead of a backwater. It merges south-westward into the Indus valley, south-eastward into the Gangetic; north-east it has had historic links with Kashmir, north-west still closer ones with the frontier, Afghanistan, the roads into Persia and middle Asia. Hardly any other corner of Asia occupies such a focal position. Seldom since early Indo-Aryan times an intellectual leader, it has repeatedly been plunged by forces within and pressures from without into emotional and social turmoil. The coming of Islam, which in the end was to split the province in two, affected all of it in some degree, and helped to generate the ferment out of which came Sikhism, the one new religion that India with all its religiousness has given birth to since Buddhism. But this turned into a military domination, without much cultural vitality of its own; and in the 19th century Persia and central Asia, the old neighbours to the north, seemed to be at long last expiring, while British rule concentrated Indian energies in the seaboard provinces, and treated the Panjab mainly as a recruiting-ground for the army.

By the end of the century, however, Persia was rousing itself again, and Islam in Asia stirring in its sleep; while from southward the European ideas that had long been at home in Bombay and Calcutta were now filtering into the Panjab. As in other ages, these

new currents were to make for bigger upheavals here than elsewhere, among a folk even in their physical proportions larger than life, compared with most other Indians. Inevitably old communal jealousies would revive alongside of new things. Altogether it was a land riddled to an exceptional degree with contradictions old and new; one of sturdy peasants as well as landlords, one steeped in rustic humour and realism as well as possessing in Lahore a city which did not forget that it was once the Mogul imperial capital; a province that others seemed to have left far behind, but with lurking energies and untested capabilities waiting to break out, for good or evil, when the sleeping giant should awaken. It might even be said that Urdu poetry was taking wing to the Panjab because here it found most contraries and complexities to stimulate it. All three communities were writing Urdu verse, and in the same idiom; Muslims were easily in the lead, and have provided all the important names. Less at home in the new age than their Hindu neighbours they struck the visitor as having, by and large, less practical capacity, with far more imagination.

Tagore could address his Bengali compatriots in their own language, which besides a very long poetic tradition had also during the 19th century acquired a modern prose. Panjabi was rich in little but folk-poetry, and the chief other purpose it had served was as a vehicle for part of the Sikh scriptures, which invested it as a written language with associations distasteful to Muslims. They relegated it to colloquial purposes for which Urdu was too high-flown—somewhat as Beatrice told Don Pedro he was too fine a husband for her, she would need another for weekdays. For Urdu this was bound to involve a certain removal from actuality, such as Burns's verse underwent when he wrote in English instead of Scots. It brought the countervailing gift of an exotic, romantic vocabulary like a southern breeze laden with tropical scents. Words from far away make a more sensuously thrilling impression on the ear than familiar homespun ones, and through the ear on the fancy. Muslim habits of hearing or reciting Koranic passages in half-understood Arabic must have worked in the same manner. It may be guessed that the Urdu poet does not always have before his mind's eye so lively an image of the things he is speaking of as a European would; his mind is astir with words which are for him sounds, evocations, ancestral memories, less closely tied to tangible objects; of the 'two worlds' he so often sets against each other it is the invisible rather than the visible in which he is roaming.

All this harmonized with the situation of the Muslim class literate enough to have a full command of Urdu—though its poetical appeal

could be felt more widely. It was a narrow middle class oriented by circumstances more towards fantasy than towards reality, overshadowed economically by Hindu competitors with far more capital, and also far more willingness to scorn delights and live laborious days in the pursuit of money. It was chronically pulled opposite ways: it wanted to grow, learn, move with the times—or, impatiently, leave them behind; both from diffidence about its ability to compete, and an inborn distaste for competitive moneygrubbing, it was often apt to shrink into its shell, to retreat along the old caravan trail winding away into the heart of Asia and its luxurious dream-world of shining dome and legend and remote superb names. Ultimately the outcome of these contrary impulses, irreconcilable within Indian horizons, would be the demand for a separate State. In the meantime Urdu and Urdu poetry were, next to religion, the Muslims' lifeline, giving them a sense of identity, a collective vision.

So much of the spirit and tone of Urdu poetry derives from Persian tradition that this ancestry must often be kept in mind, even when a poet like Faiz is alluding to quite contemporary matters. Verse forms and metres, besides diction, have helped to preserve continuity; and, still more strikingly, a common stock of imagery, which can be varied and recomposed inexhaustibly in much the same way that Indian (and Pakistani) classical music is founded on a set of standard note-combinations (*rāgas*) on which the performer improvises variations. All this was part of a culture that, like Europe's later, came into India fully-fledged, acquiring there a fresh colouring, new accompaniments—such as the *mushā'ira*—, yet never becoming altogether Indian.

Persian poetic attitudes were social. Whereas the Chinese poet so often purports to be wandering lonely as a cloud over his mountain, the Persian is to be found reciting in a 'circle', or 'gathering', or 'assembly', or breaking away from it only in a fit of literary frenzy. Behind this fiction lay the reception-room or hall of royal court or feudal mansion, where men of letters competed for the patron's favour and rewards; a rivalry of which today's *mushā'ira* is an imitation. Its setting was nocturnal, lamplit; a reader may call up in his mind the scene that Faiz evokes in a line of poem no. 23, a Mogul chamber with walls honeycombed into small niches, each holding its lighted candle. By time-honoured custom another candle or lamp was placed before each poet in turn as he recited. When we are transported out of doors it is to a garden, the formal garden or rather park with its water-channels running in straight lines from pool to fountain between flowerbeds and avenues, still to be seen in its perfection at Lahore in the Shalimar garden and the precincts of

Jahangir's mausoleum, or at Agra in those of the Taj Mahal: an exquisite oasis in a thirsty land, a paradise shut off from the sorry scheme of things outside by a rectangle of high wall. Here is the Islamic urban civilization refined to the last degree, a haven within a haven. On the scorched plains of upper India, as in inner Asia, Nature itself is man-made, the marble cascade replaces the waterfall, all the vulgar reality of yokel, spade, manure-heap is forgotten. Readers brought up on English poetry have found it easy to enter into the spirit of Chinese poetry, simple and naturalistic, haunted by the sound of rock-perched trees and winds; no poet from the Islamic realm has captivated them so much, except Omar Khayyam, self-banished into the wilderness that came up as close to the gates of the old cities of middle Asia as night in those latitudes succeeds day.

Faiz observed, when asked about this absence of free Nature, that the poets of former days were courtiers, feudal retainers of uncertain rank, whose duty was to be at hand whenever their patron wanted to be refreshed with wit or fancy, not to disport themselves in the countryside. He himself has a love of gardens, fostered by early acquaintance with the classic shades of Lahore, and with a later, less formal park there, the Lawrence (now Jinnah) Bāgh, one of his youthful haunts, for which he has pined during his sojourn in Karachi.⁹ He is no gardener, but in jail did make an attempt at growing flowers from packets of seed requisitioned from distant Scotland, while a fellow-prisoner of more mundane tastes devoted his garden plot to rearing chickens.

Feudal patronage was capricious, and the rhymer often, like Shakespeare, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes. It went with this, and with things deeper in the fibre of Indo-Muslim society, that though habitually addressing a company, he did so as an individual alone in the group: he assumed frequently a tone of repining, lamenting a hard lot in a bad world, the demeanour of a martyr, despised and rejected by men and mistress. This posture too has descended on much Urdu poetry of our time, producing on occasion a disparity almost ludicrous between a writer's heartbroken accents and his jolly countenance off duty. But the poet composing under the eye of an autocratic patron and of an inflexible religion could not give vent to his gloomier feelings in any open manner, or seem to be finding fault with the order of things as by God and the Sultan established. True, in the fiction of these symposia the patron was not supposed to be present in his own person: art requires some, if only fictitious, equality among its devotees, and the patron might be a poetaster himself, and take his turn to recite his own productions under his own pen-name. The last Mogul emperor, who had few cares of State

to oppress him, was no mean performer. It was, then, the 'Saqi' who was supposed to preside, and be the centre of attraction: the wine-pourer, elevated into a mysteriously fascinating woman with whom all present were supposed to be hopelessly in love—an idealized, rarified version of the educated courtesan whose reception-room was the nearest that Muslim India could come to a European salon. It was under colour of bewailing the hard-heartedness of this demi-goddess that the poet could most easily give voice to his grievances against life at large. A true poet would be expressing something deeper than his own private disappointments. Ghalib we may think of as lamenting, in effect, the passing of an empire and a civilization, and generations of Muslim readers must have felt their own nostalgia echoed in his lines.

The oblique allusion, the conventional symbol, could be understood by each hearer in his own fashion, and applied to his own condition; for in that society all, from highest to lowest, were haunted by the same sense of mutability and insecurity, of the need for a protector. Hence evolved a kind of 'metaphysical' style, an elaborate play of fancy and ingenuity; once established, within a pattern of society only very sluggishly changing, this could keep a remarkably tenacious hold. It has kept it even in our changing times: abstracted and generalized in this manner, the perplexities and distresses of man's social being have from age to age a common complexion.

Love might stand for defiance, self-assertion, as well as resigned self-pity. It has played this part in many times and places, under a multitude of guises, always somewhere between life and art; where women went veiled it was bound to stand closer to art and fancy. The poet's world is an imaginary city, like that of Faiz's poem no. 47; Islam had no nations, any more than it had, culturally speaking, villages: as in old Italy a man's native town was his *patria*. In this city there is always a *Kū-e-malāmat*, or 'Street of Reproach': again a poetical depiction of the entertainers' quarter where courtesans and ordinary prostitutes and dancing-girls lived. Here a reckless lover will be carrying on a clandestine affair, heedless of the frowns of dull elders or precisians, the *rumores senum severiorum*. Or he may rush out from the town into the wilderness, and roam to and fro endeavouring to cool his distemper in its blank emptiness.¹⁰

All this lover's fever might represent, or the hearer was free to think of it as representing, the spiritual seeker's thirst for divine truth; and in this signification in turn, literal melted into metaphorical, and God himself might be either reality or symbol. In a society saturated with religious forms and phrases (though, like

aristocratic Europe, seldom religious in its conduct) poetic imagery was bound to flow very often into their mould. In Islamic orthodoxy, there was small room for anything artistic, except the sublime simplicity of its best architecture. But side by side with it was the mystical cult of the Sufis, who sought through prayer and spiritual exercises, sometimes music and dance—eschewed by the orthodox—, even by means of 'drugs, to soar from the dull earth into contact with, or absorption into, the divine essence.'¹¹ This cult came from Persia, but helped to make Islam in India more Indian, by its affinity with the *bhakti* stream in Hinduism. In the Panjab more than elsewhere the two escaped from the cloister and joined and fermented among common people, helping to create a body of folk-poetry where the religious brotherhood of man blended with thoughts of social equality, deliverance from feudal bonds.¹² Much of the mood and phraseology of Sufism, its catalogue of the 'states and stages' (*hāl-o-maqām*) of the pilgrim soul, its vital relationship between the spiritual guide and his disciples, was taken over into poetry, and had a further existence there as part of the counterpoint of mask and symbol. When a poet did not picture himself seated in a court circle, it would often be the circle of disciples round their master that he conjured up. Nor were the two so far apart as might seem; mystics had often clothed their thoughts in verse, courtiers and even rulers might also be disciples; a divine Beloved could melt imperceptibly into an earthly one, an ideal feminine, an unattainable mistress who was also the wine-pourer at the never-ending feast, as uncertain, coy, and hard to please as Fortune, dispenser of life's never-ending deceptions.

Love and religion shared besides a common emblem in wine, another refinement of gross fact into ideal essence. If in the feudal courts liquor forbidden to the faithful ran freely, and a Ghalib might be a serious drinker, poetically wine stood for exaltation, inspiration, and the tavern was the abode of truly heart-felt spiritual experience as opposed to the formal creed of the mosque. Drunkenness and madness are near allied, and the later—*junūn*, 'rapture' in the literal sense of possession by a spirit (*jinn*)—retained some of the aura that surrounds it among primitive people; it might be either the passion of the worshipper of beauty throwing the world away for love or the ecstasy of the acolyte despising material success in his heavenly quest.

All this vogue of 'madness' was a recoil from the hard fixity of life, the rigid framework within which man as a social animal imprisons himself, the sordid egotism forced on men who, whether poets or politicians, could only rise at one another's expense. It gave relief

to the vague craving that every society generates, if only in its younger or more idealistic members, for something better, higher, freer. Against the omnipotence of Church and State there could be no rebellion; but veiled protest was allowable, under the form of praise of the individual prepared to defy convention, which as a harmless safety-valve became itself a tolerated part of the convention. Wine, love, mystic flights, were all momentary refuges from the bondage of reality. They fostered some poetry, as well as much literary posturing and affectation; the time would come when a poet like Faiz, standing at a new point in history, would be able to give them a fresh meaning, as symbols of a revolutionary challenge to the social order instead of a merely token defiance of it or a withdrawal from it into fantasy.

Ambiguity belonged to the essence of this style; in its visionary landscape things melted into one another like dreams, and everything had a diversity of meanings, or rather, any precisely definable 'meaning' was lost in a diffused glow. A poet might really have mystic moods, or might really be in love—with a woman, or, as in Greece or Rome, with a man; but for his poetry, for his hearers, that was not the real point, any more than for us when we listen to a piece of music whose composer may have felt religious, or been in love.¹³ The most characteristic verse form was the *ghazal*, a string of any number of couplets in any one metre, rhyming AA BA CA DA. . . .¹⁴ These should not aim at any obvious logical sequence, but owe their coherence to the recurrent rhyme and to a stream of association eddying beneath the surface. Its standard topic is love, its tone one of graceful trifling, and in ordinary hands it is not much more than a metrical exercise; so much so that in modern Urdu it constitutes a poetic hemisphere by itself, and a writer may be classed either as a serious poet or, with a touch of disparagement, as a *ghazal*-writer. The form has nevertheless been used by the foremost poets for the weightiest purposes; and it too has helped to provide a rainbow bridge between the impressionism of the past and the realism of the present.

One who notably turned the *ghazal* to new purposes was Mohamed Iqbal (1873–1938), the greatest Urdu poet to arise since Ghalib.¹⁵ Born like Faiz at Sialkot, close to the mountains and close to the religious and cultural frontier that now divides India from Pakistan, he was a Panjabi of the professional middle class who wrote English prose and Urdu and Persian verse; a Panjabi, that is, whose mental horizons were far more expansive than those of his own province, and who as a result in some ways soared above its realities, in other

ways fell short of them. In Urdu he wrote chiefly short poems, lyrical, religious, or satirical; in classical Persian long didactic poems addressed to the whole of Muslim Asia. He went through an early phase of addiction to English models, including description of Nature, and at the same time of attachment to the ideal, of equally Western source, of a free Indian nation with Hindu and Muslim as fellow-citizens. He studied in England and Germany, and was impressed especially by Nietzsche. Later his antipathy to Western imperialism in India and Asia deepened, but there came also disenchantment with the Indian national movement. He found an alternative in the vision, conjured up out of the hopes and doubts of his community, the Muslim middle class of the Panjab, of a grand Islamic revival and renewal, in which all the Muslim peoples should arise from their slumber, at once firm in their ancient faith and strong in modern knowledge. The glorious daybreak he was looking forward to did not dawn; most of the Muslim peoples were not yet finding their way either back to a renewed faith or forward to a modern organization. Even to him it grew clear that Pan-Islamic hopes would not be realized soon, and he turned his attention more to the predicament of his own community, and came to be identified with the programme of a separate Muslim state. He is therefore, though he died a decade before the partition, venerated—often uncritically, as in all such cases—as the moral founder of Pakistan.

Religious enthusiasm led Iqbal regrettably far towards seeing everything as an antithesis between Eastern faith and Western reason, identified with Western materialism and imperialism. Nietzsche too encouraged him to uphold the instinctive against the rational, feeling against thought. It was an antithesis that reflected the historical contradiction of his whole position; the inspiration of Faiz's life has been the hope of overcoming it with the aid of a new synthesis, that of socialism, seen as the reconciler of old culture and modern science in a refashioned society. He too doubtless has found history caught in unexpected crosscurrents, and not always moving as he hoped to see it. And despite the vast distance separating the two men, the prophet and the humanist, Faiz stands recognizably in the same line of succession. Iqbal left no true inheritor either of his philosophy or of his manner. But Faiz, who appeared on the literary scene just when Iqbal was departing from it, is not only the most gifted poetically of those who have come after: he has had all his life the same fundamental sense that poetry ought to be the servant of a cause, a beacon to 'poor humanity's afflicted will', not a mere display of ornamental skill.

Between the two a curious medley of contrasts and resemblances

can be noted. In point of diction they are not very far apart, though Faiz has written verse only in Urdu, being no more drawn to Persian as a medium than, at the other extreme, to Panjabi. At certain moments he has achieved a striking simplification of expression (as in no. 11, a landmark of its period); more often his pen is dipped as deep as Iqbal's in Persian and Arabic. Even while he, along with most of the Muslim progressive writers of his generation, adhered as Iqbal had done in youth to the ideal of a united India, he was repelled by the prospect held up by Gandhi of a united 'Hindustani' language, a nondescript neither Hindi nor Urdu. There were many different roads by which a Muslim might travel to Pakistan. All the same, a fondness for allusion to things Hindu, even religious, has not left him; and it is worth while to observe that whereas Iqbal's great model and master was Rumi, the Persian mystical poet of mediæval Asia Minor, Faiz has looked up above all to Ghalib, the arch-poet of modern Muslim India.

In the colouring of their work there is the strongest contrast between Iqbal and Faiz. At his most natural Iqbal is ardent, impetuous, direct; Faiz more delicately suggestive, and even less easily translated. One paints a picture that seems bathed in sunlight, the other in moonlight. Iqbal's daylight, on the other hand, owes little to our diurnal sun. As Faiz once pointed out in a lecture in London, Iqbal employs surprisingly little imagery of his own, and shows only the scantiest awareness of the physical world about him, no recognition of Nature except in some early poems. To the Western reader, brought up on naturalism, Faiz's own external world may appear stylized enough, like the landscape of a Persian miniature. But his imagery has grown increasingly free and profuse, until some of his later poems almost seem to dissolve in it.

Of his human environment each was keenly aware, each in his own way a 'committed' poet. Both combined older modes, elegiac, romantic, introspective, with a fresh note of criticism of society, and desire to alter it. Because they were animated by faith in something fresh and great, some cause above themselves for which to enlist public support, both were able to make use of the symbols their readers knew by heart, but to lend them fresh significance. Some contemporaries of Faiz, more negative and individualistic in outlook, were inclined to abandon them, in favour of a more direct and 'modern' handling of their subjects. For the poet appealing to collective emotions the symbols could still prove their value, clothing in familiar garb ideas too new and raw to be transformed immediately into poetry; though both Iqbal and Faiz might resort to them more sparingly as time went on.

Both frequently call up the traditional company of listeners, Iqbal—whose public recitations were confined as a rule to religious or political gatherings—assuming at times the figure of the spiritual leader seated among his disciples: Faiz haunted, in spite of republicanism, by whispers of long-crumbled palace halls. Iqbal was fond of the standard image of moth and candle, though his moth might now be a labouring class foolishly bowing before the idols of the rich.¹⁶ Faiz has been loyal to that of garden and rosebed, a rosebed now as likely as not to typify the masses, the poor, buffeted by the rude winds of tyranny. In these literary parks the flowers are always crimson, and their colour carries overtones of passion, suffering, wounds. A comparison would be worth making with the swain and shepherdess and pipe of Europe's pastoral convention. A closer one would be with the use of peacock, deer, red flower, to symbolize longing for the lover in the Panjab Hill paintings of the eighteenth century.¹⁷ In poetry the Western reader may be in danger of visualizing symbols too literally, and may do well to make an effort to see them from an indistinct distance, as things transmuted into thoughts, half-way towards the condition of the fossil imagery that all languages are strewn with.

Iqbal moved towards a Love that was a disembodied force, that meant also idealism, or enthusiasm, or *élan vital*. Faiz began with the stereotype of the cruel beauty, but a stable marriage, and domestic life of more modern pattern than Iqbal's, carried him towards an image more human and companionable, though still only elusively suggested by comparison with Western love-poetry, and, like the ghostly Saqi, interchangeable with other things, not now divine, but Cause, or Country, or People. It has been noted that Faiz has far more than Iqbal of a sort of 'masochism' habitual in Urdu poetry, which seeks the pangs of love rather than its fulfilment.¹⁸ Iqbal's pan-Islamic thinking brought to his mind memories of the Muslim as world-conqueror; Faiz was concerned with the Muslim of his own times, as an underdog, and in some manner was able to fuse sympathy for hard-pressed labourer or peasant with the traditional griefs of the lover. In a society long accustomed to frown on free choice both in love and in political allegiance, each of these represented risk and adventure; and in Faiz's prison poems especially, separation from a woman and from a movement, or homeland, merge into one another. A Western reader may feel that this variant of the old symbolism succeeds better in a short piece like no. 25 than when elaborated as in no. 29; though this may be found interesting as an illustration, and perhaps as a further warning against figures of speech being taken too concretely. In like fashion wine may stand

now for political truth or insight instead of spiritual, madness for the enthusiast's self-sacrifice in a progressive cause. Amid this readjustment or reshuffling, readers the best qualified may disagree about precise shades of intended meaning, as happened with some lines in no. 19 when it came out; or they may discover esoteric messages not intended at all by the author, whose poems are sometimes meant to mean no more than they say. No. 49, for instance, is a pure lyric.

Iqbal and Faiz both looked abroad for ideas as well as at home. Their Panjab has for ages been receiving from outside, from Persian, Greek, Turk, Briton, and yet has remained itself. Iqbal was only going to one more source when he brought Nietzsche into the Panjab, and Faiz when he helped to introduce Marx. Iqbal wrote of the tribulations of the poor majestically, as if looking down on them from heaven; he preached revolt of downtrodden peoples, relief of downtrodden classes by wealthier men infused with Islamic fraternalism. Faiz belonged to a generation that examined poverty at close range, with its dirt and its sores, and he learned its problems in social, economic detail. Still, Iqbal too had known of Marx, and paid tribute to him in more than one poem, and Faiz on his side has written verses religious in complexion.¹⁸ It was not unfitting that in 1968 he helped to design a documentary film about the life-work of Iqbal, even if this aroused some conservative criticism by its emphasis on the radical notes in the elder poet's writings. Iqbal was an Islamic thinker with a strong dash of what has been coming to be known as 'Islamic socialism'; Faiz might be called a socialist with a groundwork of Muslim culture and feeling. He is indeed one of those many 'cultural Muslims' in many lands today who think of themselves not as religious in a specific sense but as heirs to a long experiment in civilization, and to a great ethical tradition which always did homage to truth and justice and to the upright man prepared to uphold them at all hazards. Pakistan's chance of growing into a nation both truly modern and genuinely founded on an Islamic past will depend, it may appear at least to an observer outside, more on the contribution of such 'cultural Muslims' than on anything else.

Iqbal and Faiz both belong very deeply to the Panjab, and when Faiz goes abroad it does not take long for him to begin to wish himself back in his own country. But both needed a world-vision to sustain them, a hope wider than their native limits, those of a province richer hitherto in promise than in fulfilment. Iqbal after his early travels shut himself up most of the time in a small room whence his thoughts could range abroad unchecked, and draw

nourishment from an Orient that he half saw, half imagined. Faiz has had for a second or spiritual home the socialist lands, the socialist world movement, the peace movement. Disappointments with progress abroad as well as at home were bound to befall both. And though both achieved fame in their own country early, each often had occasion to feel misunderstood or isolated. Significantly, more than one poem by each of them has the title 'Solitude', and one of those by Iqbal¹⁹ and one by Faiz (no. 8) are among their very finest. Between these two the contrast also is revealing. Iqbal's is in Persian. He is alone in a universe that still contains a God, though a distant and silent one; Faiz's knows only human beings, and they too are distant and silent. Iqbal as in many short and some long poems pictures himself as a traveller voyaging across immensities of space; Faiz is shut up in a deserted banqueting-hall, and it is night.

It may be remarked that in all this realm of poetry *death* is a far less prominent theme than it has always been in Europe. Exile, separation, loneliness, take its place, in a society more closely knit, in spite of wealth and poverty, than any known to the morbidly individualistic Europe of Horace, or Shakespeare, or our own day; a society of which the literary group gathered round patron or Saqi was the microcosm. Not the disappearance from life, but the banishment of the member from the group, has had, here as in Chinese poetry, the deepest poignancy. In other poems Faiz calls up imaginary companions to converse with in solitude, even (in no. 40) a personified loneliness. Two late poems (nos. 52 and 53) are concerned with illness, but what is uppermost in them is still not the thought of death in itself, but that of separation. Illness, like prison, divides and isolates. Social bonds so close-knit have made for social inertia, but there may be discerned in them now the possibility of transition to a new social order, of socialist character, and with this a survival of many values, human and cultural, likely to wither in a long interval of competitive industrialism, as the common man's feeling for poetry has withered in the West.

What relation there should be between artists and public movements has been the most crucial art-problem of our century. In Iqbal's case it may be open to conjecture that the short poems where he was able to fuse intense personal feeling with public themes will outlive his long didactic works. Faiz too at his best, as in poem no. 19, has succeeded in fusing them. But he has been taxed with trying at times too deliberately to be progressive, and writing verse more political than poetical. Some of this criticism may have been captious, but the risk is a real one. Even in some poems of high

quality may be felt a certain faltering at the close, when he seems to try to resolve his discords without quite finding the right key.

He has been saved from becoming merely, or too facily, a political writer, like so many others, or as Iqbal was too frequently preacher more than poet, by a strong inner resistance, a matter of both temperament and conviction. All imaginative writers are conscious of divided minds, opposing intuitions, and Faiz more than most. Readers have noticed how often in his earlier and middle work his poems turn—like no. 12, or no. 23, originally entitled 'Two Voices'—on a kind of duality, as if he were struggling to reconcile two contradictory visions of life. He is himself an odd mixture, an Oriental mixture, one is tempted to say, of indolence and energy, an inclination to contemplate existence through a cloud of cigarette-smoke and a compulsion to act. To get him to answer a missive is as nearly vain as any human endeavour can be; the 'violent hatred of letter-writing' that Coleridge found in Wordsworth is at least as strong in Faiz. Yet the spirit of the age has drawn him along a path necessarily toilsome, at times perilous.

Artists everywhere in our age, and the age itself in a vaster, more chaotic way, have faced conflicting claims of old and new, present and future, each right in its way; of Utopia and possibility, emotion and reason, worker and intellectual, individual and society. Perhaps by now we have seen enough to conclude that the artist's true function is not to identify himself too closely with one demand or the other, but to mediate or hold the balance between them. And perhaps it is in this direction that instinct and experience have guided Faiz. Some of his fellow-writers, in India and Pakistan as elsewhere, have withdrawn into ivory towers, some have made themselves mouthpieces of political leaders, some have stopped writing. Faiz's inner divisions, painful as they may have been, were a symptom rather of health than of weakness, of civic spirit combined with an artistic sense too strong to let him be swamped by the tidal force of a movement. Like all great and heroic movements the revolution of the twentieth century has been apt, to its own cost as well as theirs, to reduce individual men and women to units in its army, ciphers in its great account. The individual is nothing, the cause everything, proclaimed the Jacobins of 1793, and all world-overturners since then have echoed them. Accident has helped to save Faiz from being submerged; the absence in his own country of any strong organization with aims akin to his, which has thrown him most of the time on his own resources.

Two other magnets, literary conservatism and innovation, have

exerted their rival pulls on him. His style has been altering in recent years, and becoming in some features more experimental. He has resorted fairly frequently, as he never did in earlier days, to what in Urdu is called 'free verse', which means not prose chopped up into odd lengths, as in English, but lines of varying length in one regular metre, an escape from the end-stopped couplet that has so often shackled invention. This more open manner has been accompanied by a wider choice of subjects, and a more flexible imagery. In other ways—whether or not belief in a planned pattern of society is related to respect for organized patterns of verse—he has remained more conservative, and his influence has been against neglect of the technical side of his art. 'Faiz has brought respectability back to grammatical writing', a friend wrote lately, and has rescued some of his juniors from a morass of incomprehensibility.²⁰ He himself told me some years ago that he thought the rhyme-schemes in his first volume had been too free and easy, and made young imitators careless; for this reason, and in order to give each poem a more sharply defined form, he had set himself to adhere more closely to fixed sequences. Innovation for its own sake has not attracted him; he has not translated foreign verse into Urdu, as some have done, and has shown no curiosity about possible new metres.

All this may give his mode of writing something of an old-fashioned look, by comparison with the more westernized idiom of so many writers up and down the world who have so obviously read T. S. Eliot and his successors. But such writers are apt to be intellectuals without roots in their native soil, whereas a style like that of Faiz, even though in origin feudal and aristocratic, can awaken a responsive thrill in the common man. No doubt it will be called on to make further changes, in his and other hands, as time goes on. The old symbolism may be approaching the end of its useful life, having performed a final service by helping to launch modern ideas that can now take their own poetic course. Some other time-honoured conventions have more obviously had their day. Complaints have been heard of too much antiquated phraseology, of poets shutting their eyes to the life around them, the changing seasons, the sun and wind and rain of the Panjab. Formerly the old dream-pictures of Persia and Turkestan could serve to express for Indo-Muslims their sense of being a community in, but not of, India. Now most of these Muslims have their own sub-Himalayan homeland, they may well want to hear from their poets about their own skies, flowers, lives, instead of those of the half-mythical native land of their half-mythical ancestors. To go on harping on too many old strings will be as fatal to Urdu poetry as to plunge into unintelligible modernism,

and leave it to linger as a mere ghost of the past, haunting the hall of Faiz's poem where no-one will ever come any more.

Urdu and its poetry have had a strange history; what the future holds for them must be uncertain. It is not out of the question that Faiz may prove to have been the last important figure. Over the language itself a question-mark hangs, though the same is true in one sense or another of every language, including the one most used and most misused, English. Urdu began as the speech of the camp, and became that of the city, but it has still to show that it can become that of a nation, or with what functions—for Pakistan like India is and must remain a multilingual country. In the western Panjab, today its literary stronghold, there are some who are turning their minds to Panjabi as the proper medium for poetry. To hold its ground Urdu will need to show itself able to produce more, and more varied, prose, as well as poetry still able to thrill. So far, in the two decades since independence, its progress has been halting, and poetry—it seems generally agreed among those competent to judge—has not on the whole maintained the standard achieved before 1947. Some gifted writers have flagged, new talents of distinction have been few.

Of the older group, Faiz has gone on writing, and gone on developing, and now links his generation with the younger one where his most responsive hearers are to be found, captivated partly by his romantic note, partly by his idealism. Much remains for him to do; he has done enough to be looked upon as the most significant Urdu poet, in Pakistan or India, of the time since Iqbal, and he and his poems will keep their place as a strand in the history that our epoch has been weaving.

نقشِ فریادی

REMONSTRANCE

'COMPLAINING IMAGE'

NAQSH-E-FARYĀDĪ

اشعار

رات یوں دل میں تری کھوئی ہوئی یاد آئی
 جیسے ویرانے میں چھپکے سے بہار آجائے
 جیسے صحراؤں میں ہولے سے چلے بادِ نسیم
 جیسے بیمار کو بے وجہ قرار آجائے

I. LAST NIGHT

Last night your faded memory filled my heart
 Like spring's calm advent in the wilderness,
 Like the soft desert footfalls of the breeze,
 Like peace somehow coming to one in sickness.

VERSES

- I Last night your lost memory so came into the heart
 As spring comes in the wilderness quietly,
 As the zephyr moves slowly in deserts,
 As rest comes without cause to a sick man.

ASH'ĀR

- I Rāt yūn dil meñ tērī kho'ī hū'ī yād ā'ī
 Jaise vīrāne meñ chupke-se bahār ā-jā'e,
 Jaise ṣaḥrāoñ meñ haule-se chale bād-e-nasīm,
 Jaise bīmār ko be-vajh qarār ā-jā'e.

خدا وہ وقت نہ لائے....

خدا وہ وقت نہ لائے کہ سوگ وار ہو تو
 سکون کی نیند تجھے بھی حرام ہو جائے
 تیری مسرت پیہم تمام ہو جائے
 تیری حیات تجھے تلخ جام ہو جائے
 غموں سے آئینہ دل گداز ہو تیرا
 ہجوم یاس سے بے تاب ہو کے رہ جائے
 وفورِ دزد سے سیماب ہو کے رہ جائے
 تراشباب فقط خواب ہو کے رہ جائے
 غرورِ حُسن سراپا نیاز ہو تیرا

2. GOD NEVER SEND

God never send a time when you too mourn—
 When you too find life-easing sleep forsworn,
 When joy has spent with you its long bright hour
 And left the cup of your existence sour;

When, its bright mirror tarnished with hot tears,
 Your mind is filled with swarms of anxious fears,
 And thronging misery comes with gnawing tooth,
 Till only an old dream is left of youth;

MAY GOD NOT BRING THAT TIME

- 1 May God not bring that time when you are sorrowful,
 When the sleep of tranquillity becomes forbidden to you too,
 Your uninterrupted happiness is concluded,
 Your life becomes for you a bitter cup,
- 5 The mirror of your heart is melted with grief,
 You become disquieted by a throng of despairs,
 You become restless (like quicksilver) from a crowd of distresses,
 Your youth becomes only a dream,
 Your pride of beauty is altogether humbled,

KHUDĀ VO WAQT NA LĀ'E

- 1 Khudā vo waqt na lā'e kē sogwār ho tū,
 Sukūn kī nīnd tujhe bhī ḥarām ho-jā'e,
 Tērī masarrat-e-paiham tamām ho-jā'e,
 Tērī ḥayāt tujhe talkh jāḥ ho-jā'e,
- 5 Ghamoñ se ā'ina-e-dil gudāz ho terā,
 Hujūm-e-yās se be-tāb hoke rah-jā'e,
 Wufūr-e-dard se simāb hoke rah-jā'e,
 Tērā shabāb faqat khwāb hoke rah-jā'e,
 Ghurūr-e-ḥusn sarāpā nayāz ho terā,

طویل راتوں میں تو بھی قرار کو ترسے
 تیری نگاہ کسی غم گسار کو ترسے
 خزاں رسیدہ تمنا بہار کو ترسے
 کوئی جہیں نہ ترے سنگِ آستان پہ جھکے
 کہ جنسِ عجز و عقیدت سے تجھ کو شاد کرے
 فریبِ وعدہ فردا پہ اعتماد کرے
 خداؤہ وقت نہ لائے کہ تجھ کو یاد آئے
 وہ دل کہ تیرے لئے بے قرار اب بھی ہے
 وہ آنکھ جس کو تیرا انتظار اب بھی ہے

When beauty's proud thoughts turn to abjectness,
 And you too long through the long night for peace,
 While parched eyes strain for comfort no-one brings
 And autumn's sad desire thirsts for new springs;

When no more foreheads bowed on your doorstep find you
 Have cheated with some sweet tomorrow-vow
 As thanks for love's humility's display;

God never send that time that must remind you
 Of the poor heart in torment for you now,
 These eyes that wait and watch for you today.

- 10 In long nights you too pant for peace,
 Your glances pant for some comforter,
 Autumnal longing pants for spring,
 No forehead bends over your doorstep
 To make you happy with its wares of submission and devotion,
 15 To put faith in the deceit of a promise of tomorrow;
 May God not bring that time when recollection comes to you
 Of that heart which is restless for you even now,
 That eye which is waiting for you even now.

- 10 Tawīl rāton meñ tū bhī qarār ko tarse,
 Tērī nigāh kisī gham-gusār ko tarse,
 Khazān-rasīda tamannā bahār ko tarse,
 Ko'ī jabīn na tēre sañg-e-āstān pē jhuke
 Kē jins-e-'ajaz-o-'aqīdat se tujh-ko shād kare,
 15 Fareb-e-va'da-e-fardā pē i'timād kare;
 Khudā vo waqt na lā'e kē tujh-ko yād ā'e
 Vo dīl kē tere liye be-qarār ab bhī hai,
 Vo ānkh jis-ko tērā intizār ab bhī hai.

سرودِ شبانہ

نیم شب، چاند، خود فراموشی محفل ہست و بود ویراں ہے
 پیکارِ iltijā ہے خاموشی بزمِ انجمِ فسرودہ سماں ہے
 آبشارِ سکوت جاری ہے
 چار سو بے خودی سی طاری ہے
 زندگی، جزوِ خواب ہے گویا ساری دنیا سراب ہے گویا
 سوہی ہے گھنے درختوں پر چاندنی کی تھکی ہوئی آواز
 کمکشاں نیم وانگا ہوں سے کہہ رہی ہے حدیثِ شوقِ نیاز
 سازِ دل کے خموش تاروں سے چھن رہا ہے خمارِ کیفِ آگیاں
 آرزو، خواب، تیرا رُوئے حسین

3. NOCTURNE

Midnight, moon, oblivion—
 The sum of things an emptiness,
 Desire hushed into stillness,
 Listless the fellowship of the stars,
 A cataract of silence streaming;
 Everywhere self-forgetting reigns:

MUSIC BY NIGHT

- 1 Midnight, moon, self-forgetfulness;
 The assemblage of existence is desolate,
 Silence is the embodiment of longing,
 The gathering of stars is a melancholy thing,
- 5 The waterfall of silence is flowing,
 On the four sides a sort of unconsciousness is prevailing.

SARŪD-E-SHABĀNA

- 1 Nīm-shab, chānd, khwud-farāmoshī;
 Maḥfil-e-hast-o-būd vīrān hai,
 Paikar-e-iltijā hai khāmoshī,
 Bazm-e-anjum fasurda sāmān hai,
- 5 Ābshār-e-sukūt jāri hai,
 Chār sū be-khwudī-sī tārī hai.

Life, fragment of a dream—
 Earth, all a shadow-play.
 Slumbering in the dense woods,
 Moonlight's exhausted murmur—
 Eyes half-closed the Milky Way
 Breathes legends of self-surrendering love;
 From the heart's unplucked strings
 Echoes of blissful raptures drift—
 Longings, dreams, and your charmed face.

*Life is like a part of a dream,
 All the world is like a mirage;
 On the dense trees is sleeping
 10 The tired voice of moonlight;
 The Milky Way with half-open glances
 Is telling stories of the passion of self-abasement (love);
 From the silent strings of the lyre of the heart
 Is being diffused a blissful intoxication—
 15 Longing, dream, your beautiful face.*

Zindagī juzv-e-khwāb hai goyā,
 Sārī dunyā sarāb hai goyā;
 So-rahī hai ghane darakhṭōṅ par
 10 Chāndnī kī thakī hū'ī āwāz;
 Kahkashān nīm wā nigāhoṅ se
 Kah-rahī hai ḥadīṣ-e-shauq-e-nayāz;
 Sāz-e-dil ke khamosh tāroṅ se
 Chhan-rahā hai khumār-e-kaif-āgīn—
 15 Ārzū, khwāb, terā rū-e-ḥasīn.

آج کی رات

آج کی رات سازِ درد نہ چھیڑ
دُکھ سے بھر پُورِ دین تمام ہوئے اور کل کی خبر کسے معلوم؟
دوش و فردا کی مٹ چکی ہیں خُرد ہو نہ ہو اب سحر، کسے معلوم؟
زندگی ہیچ! لیکن آج کی رات
ایز دیوت ہے ممکن آج کی رات

آج کی رات سازِ درد نہ چھیڑ
اب نہ دُہرا فسانہ ہائے الم اپنی قسمت پہ سوگ وار نہ ہو
فکرِ فردا اُتار دے دل سے عمرِ رفتہ پہ اشک بار نہ ہو
عہدِ غم کی حرکاتِ مت پوچھ
ہو چکیں سب شکایتیں مت پوچھ
آج کی رات سازِ درد نہ چھیڑ

4. TONIGHT

Touch tonight no chord of sorrow,
Misery-laden days have ended—
Who can tell us of tomorrow?
Its and yesterday's dim frontier
Blotted out—yet who knows whether
We and dawn are close together?
Life, a nothing; but this night—
What the gods are, we can be!

TONIGHT

- 1 Tonight do not pluck the lyre of pain;
The grief-filled days have been accomplished,
And to whom is known the news of tomorrow?
The frontiers of last night and tomorrow have been wiped out.
- 5 To whom is known whether or not there will be dawn?
Life is nothing—but tonight!
Godhood is possible tonight!

ĀJ KĪ RĀT

- 1 Āj kī rāt sāz-e-dard na chher;
Dukh se bhar-pūr dīn tamām hū'e,
Aur kal kī khabr kise ma'lūm?
Dosh o fardā kī mīṭ-chukī haiṅ ḥudūd,
- 5 Ho na ho ab saḥar, kise ma'lūm?
Zindagī hech! lekin āj kī rāt—
Īzādīyat hai mumkin āj kī rāt.

Touch tonight no mournful strings,
Tell no tidings of affliction,
Do not pine at what fate brings:
Care of days to come all banished,
Shed no tears for seasons vanished,
Ask no tales of hours of weeping
Or of griefs in Time's safe-keeping—
Touch no mournful notes tonight!

*Tonight do not pluck the lyre of pain;
Do not repeat now stories of anguish—
10 Do not be mournful over your fate—
Lift from the heart cares of tomorrow,
Do not be tearful over the age gone by;
Do not ask for tales of the time of sorrow;
All lamentations are finished—ask no more;
15 Tonight do not pluck the lyre of pain!*

Āj kī rāt sâz-e-dard na chher;
Ab na duhrâ fasānahā-e-alam,
10 Apnī qismat pē sogwār na ho,
Fikr-e-fardā utār-de dil se,
'umr-e-rafta pē ashkbār na ho;
'ahd-e-gham kī hikāyateñ mat pūchh;
Ho-chukīñ sab shikāyateñ, mat pūchh;
15 Āj kī rāt sâz-e-dard na chher.

ایک منظر

بام و درخامشی کے بوجھ سے چور آسمانوں سے جوئے درد رواں
چاند کا دکھ بھرا فسانہ نور شاہراہوں کی خاک میں غلطاں
خواب گاہوں میں نیم تاریکی
مُضمحل لے رباب ہستی کی
ہلکے ہلکے سروں میں نوحہ گناں

5. A SCENE

On gate and roof a crushing load of silence—
From heaven a flowing tide of desolation—
The moon's pale beams, whispered regrets, lying
In pools ebbing away on dusty highroads—
In the abodes of sleep a half-formed darkness—
From Nature's harp a dying strain of music
On muted strings faintly, faintly lamenting.

A SCENE

- 1 Roof and door crushed by a weight of silence,
From the skies a river of pain flowing,
The moon's grief-filled story of light
Wallowing in the dust of highways;
- 5 In bedrooms a half-darkness,
Exhausted melody of the rebeck of existence
Sounding a lament on faint, faint notes.

EK MANẒAR

- 1 Bām-o-dar khāmushī ke bojh se chūr,
Āsmānoñ se jū-e-dard rawāñ,
Chāñd kā dukh-bharā fasāna-e-nūr
Shāhrāhoñ kī khāk meñ ghaltāñ,
- 5 Khwābgāhoñ meñ nīm tārīkī,
Muẓmaḥīl lai rabāb-e-hastī kī
Halke halke surōñ meñ nauḥa-kunāñ!

مجھ سے پہلی سی محبت مری محبوب نہ مانگ

مجھ سے پہلی سی محبت مری محبوب نہ مانگ

میں نے سمجھا تھا کہ تو ہے تو درخشاں ہے حیات
تیرا غم ہے تو غم دہر کا جھگڑا کیا ہے
تیری صورت سے ہے عالم میں بہاروں کو ثبات
تیری آنکھوں کے سوا دنیا میں رکھا کیا ہے
تو جو مل جائے تو تقدیر نگوں ہو جائے

یوں نہ تھا میں نے فقط چاہا تھا یوں ہو جائے
اور بھی دکھ ہیں زمانے میں محبت کے سوا
راحتیں اور بھی ہیں وصل کی راحت کے سوا
ان گنت صدیوں کے تاریک ہیما نہ طلسم

6. LOVE, DO NOT ASK

Love, do not ask me for that love again.
Once I thought life, because you lived, a prize—
The time's pain nothing, you alone were pain;
Your beauty kept earth's springtimes from decay,
My universe held only your bright eyes—
If I won you, fate would be at my feet.

It was not true, all this, but only wishing;
Our world knows other torments than of love,
And other happiness than a fond embrace.
Dark curse of countless ages, savagery

DO NOT ASK FROM ME, MY BELOVED, LOVE LIKE THAT FORMER ONE

- 1 Do not ask from me, my beloved, love like that former one.
I had believed that you are, therefore life is shining;
There is anguish over you, so what wrangle is there over the
sorrow of the age?
From your aspect springtimes on earth have permanence;
- 5 What does the world hold except your eyes?
If you were to become mine, fate would be humbled.
—It was not so, I had only wished that it should be so.
There are other sufferings of the time (world) besides love,
There are other pleasures besides the pleasures of union.
- 10 The dark beastly spell of countless centuries,

MUJH-SE PAHLI-SI MAHABBAT, MERI MAHBUB, NA MANG

- 1 Mujh-se pahlī-sī mahabbat, mēri mahbūb, na māng.
Main-ne samajhā thā kē tū hai, to darakhshān hai hayāt;
Terā gham hai to gham-e-dahr kā jhagrā kyā hai?
Terī šurat se hai 'ālam meñ bahārōñ ko šabāt,
- 5 Terī āñkhōñ ke siwā dunyā meñ rakkhā kyā hai?
Tū jo mil-jā'e to taqdīr nigūn ho-jā'e.
Yūn na thā, main-ne faqat chāhā thā yūn ho-jā'e;
Aur bhī dukh haiñ zamāne meñ mahabbat ke siwā,
Rāhateñ aur bhī haiñ vaṣl ki rāhat ke siwā.
- 10 An-ginat šadyōñ ke tārik bahemāna ṭilism

ریشم و اٹلس و کمخاب میں ہنوائے ہوئے
جا بجا بکتے ہوئے کوچہ و بازار میں جسم
خاک میں لتھڑے ہوئے خون میں تہلائے ہوئے

جسم نکالے ہوئے امراض کے تنوروں سے
پیپ بہتی ہوئی گلتے ہوئے ناسوروں سے
لوٹ جاتی ہے ادھر کو بھی نظر کیا کیجے
اب بھی دل کش ہے ترا حُسن، مگر کیا کیجے

اور بھی دکھ ہیں زمانے میں محبت کے سوا
راحتیں اور بھی ہیں وصل کی راحت کے سوا
مجھ سے پہلی سی محبت مری محبوب نہ مانگ

Inwoven with silk and satin and gold lace,
Men's bodies sold in street and marketplace,
Bodies that caked grime fouts and thick blood smears,
Flesh issuing from the cauldrons of disease
With festered sores dripping corruption—these
Sights haunt me too, and will not be shut out;
Not be shut out, though your looks ravish still.

This world knows other torments than of love,
And other happiness than a fond embrace;
Love, do not ask for my old love again.

Woven into silk and satin and brocade,—
Bodies sold everywhere in alley and market,
Smeared with dust, washed in blood,
Bodies that have emerged from the ovens of diseases,

- 15 Pus flowing from rotten ulcers—
My glance comes back that way too: what is to be done?
Your beauty is still charming, but what is to be done?
There are other sufferings of the time (world) besides love,
There are other pleasures besides the pleasures of union;
20 Do not ask from me, my beloved, love like that former one.

Resham o atlas o kamkhāb meñ bunwā'e hū'e,
Jā-ba-jā bikte hū'e kūcha o bāzār meñ jism,
Khāk meñ litha'e hū'e, khūn meñ nahlā'e hū'e,
Jism nikale hū'e amrāz ke tannūron se,

- 15 Pīp bahtī hū'ī galte hū'e nāsūron se—
Lauṭ-jātī hai udhar ko bhī naẓar, kyā kīje?
Ab bhī dīlkash hai tērā ḥusn, magar kyā kīje?
Aur bhī dukh haiñ zamāne meñ maḥabbat ke siwā,
Rāḥateñ aur bhī haiñ vaṣl kī rāḥat ke siwā;
20 Mujh-se pahli-sī maḥabbat, mērī maḥbūb, na māṅg.

رقیب سے

آکرہ وابستہ ہیں اُس حُسن کی یادیں تجھ سے
جس نے اِس دل کو پری خانہ بنا رکھا تھا
جس کی اُلفت میں بھلا رکھی تھی دُنیا ہم نے
دہر کو دہر کا افسانہ بنا رکھا تھا

آشنا ہیں ترے قدموں سے وہ راہیں جن پر
اُس کی مذہوش جوانی نے عنایت کی ہے
کارواں گزرے ہیں جن سے اُسی رعنائی کے
جس کی ان آنکھوں نے بے سُود عبادت کی ہے

تجھ سے کھیلی ہیں وہ محبوب ہوائیں جن میں
اُس کے ملبُوس کی افسردہ مہک باقی ہے
تجھ پہ بھی برس ہے اُس بام سے مہتاب کا نور

7. TO THE RIVAL

Round you my memories of that fair one twine
Who made my heart a fairies' nursery,
Caught in whose toils I called this busy age
An old wives' tale, and let the world go by.

Familiar with your feet too are those paths
Her youthtime deigned to tread, drunk with youth's pride,
While as her beauty's pageant passed, these eyes
Gazed on it worshipping, unsatisfied.

With you too have those darling breezes played
Where fading perfume of her dress still hangs,
On you too from her roof has rained that moonlight

TO THE RIVAL

- 1 Come, for memories are linked with you of that beauty
Who turned this heart into a fairy-house,
In attachment to whom I had forgotten the world,
I had turned the age into a fable of an age.
- 5 Familiar with your steps are those paths on which
Her intoxicated youth bestowed itself,
By which the caravans of her charms have passed
That these eyes profitlessly adored.
With you have played those beloved breezes in which
- 10 The faded scent of her dress remains;
On you too has rained from that roof the light of the moon

RAQIB SE

- 1 Ā kē vābasta haiñ us ḥusn kī yādeñ tujh-se
Jis-ne is dil ko parī-khāna banā-rakhā thā,
Jiskī ulfat meñ bhulā-rakkhī thī dunyā ham-ne,
Dahr ko dahr kā afsāna banā-rakhā thā.
- 5 Āshnā haiñ tēre qadmoñ se vo rāheñ jin-par
Uskī madhosh jawānī-ne 'ināyat kī hai,
Kārawāñ guzare haiñ jin-se usī ra'nā'ī ke
Jiskī in āñkhoñ-ne be-sūd 'ibādat kī hai.
Tujh-se khelī haiñ vo maḥbūb hawā'ēñ jin-meñ
- 10 Uske malbūs kī afsurda mahak bāqī hai;
Tujh-pē bhī barsā hai us bām se mahtāb kā nūr

جس میں بیتی ہوئی راتوں کی کسک باقی ہے
 تو نے دیکھی ہے وہ پیشانی، وہ رخسار، وہ ہونٹ
 زندگی جن کے تصور میں کٹا دی ہم نے
 مجھ پہ اٹھی ہیں وہ کھوئی ہوئی سائر آنکھیں
 مجھ کو معلوم ہے کیوں عمر گنوا دی ہم نے
 ہم پر مشترکہ ہیں احسانِ نعمِ اُلفت کے
 اتنے احسان کہ گنواؤں تو گنوا نہ سکوں
 ہم نے اس عشق میں کیا کھویا ہے کیا سیکھا ہے

Haunted by long-done nights and bygone pangs.

You who have known that cheek, those lips, that brow
 Under whose spell I fled life away,
 You whom the dreamy magic of those eyes
 Has touched, can tell where my years ran astray.

Such gifts as love and love's keen anguish bring,
 Gifts beyond counting, side by side we earned:
 To whom else could I speak of what that passion
 Cost me, or through that passion what I learned?

In which the pain of bygone nights remains.

*You have seen that forehead, that cheek, that lip,
 In contemplation of which I squandered existence;*

15 *On you have been raised those lost-in-thought magical eyes;
 To you is known why I wasted life.*

*Ours in partnership are the favours of the pain of devotion,
 So many favours that if I were to count I would not be able to
 count;*

What I lost in this love, what I learned,

Jis-men 'bīti hū'ī rāton kī kasak bāqī hai;

Tū-ne dekhī hai vo peshānī, vo rukhsār, vo honṭ

Zindagī jinke taṣawwur meṅ luṭā-dī ham-ne,

15 Tujh-pē uṭṭhī haiṅ vo khō'ī hū'ī sāhir āñkheṅ,
 Tujhko ma'lūm hai kyūn 'umr gañwā-dī ham-ne.

Ham-pē mushtaraka haiṅ ihsān gham-e-ulfat ke,

Itne ihsān ke ginwā'ūn to ginwā na sakūn;

Ham-ne is 'ishq meṅ kyā khoyā hai, kyā sīkhā hai,

بُز ترے اور کو سمجھاؤں تو سمجھانہ سکوں
 عاجزی سیکھنی غریبوں کی حمایت سیکھی
 یاس و حرمان کے، دکھ درد کے معنی سیکھے
 زیر دستوں کے مصائب کو سمجھنا سیکھا
 سرد آہوں کے رُخ زرد کے معنی سیکھے

جب کہیں بٹھ کے روتے ہیں وہ بے کس جن کے
 اشک آنکھوں میں ملکتے ہوئے سو جاتے ہیں
 ناتوانوں کے نوالوں پہ چھٹتے ہیں عقاب
 بازو تولے ہوئے منڈلاتے ہوئے آتے ہیں

I learned of misery, helplessness, despair,
 I learned to be the friend of suffering creatures,
 I came to know the torment of the oppressed,
 The truth of sobbing breath and livid features.

Wherever now the friendless crouch and wail
 Till in their eyes the trickling tears grow cold,
 Or where the vulture hovering on broad pinions
 Snatches the morsel from their feeble hold—

20 If I were to explain to anyone except you I would not be able to explain.

I learned helplessness, I learned protection of the poor;
 I learned the meaning of despair and frustration, of suffering and pain,

I learned to understand the afflictions of the downtrodden,
 I learned the meaning of chill sighs, of livid faces.

25 Wherever sitting weep those helpless ones whose
 Tears, flowing in their eyes, fall asleep—
 Or eagles pounce on the morsels of the feeble ones,
 As they come spreading their wings, hovering,—

20 Juz tere aur ko samjhā'ūn to samjhā na sakūn.
 'ājizī sikhī, gharībōn kī himāyat sikhī,
 Yās o ħirmān ke, dukh dard ke ma'nī sikhē,
 Zerdastōn ke maṣā'ib ko samajhnā sikhā,
 Sard āhōn ke, rukh-e-zard ke ma'nī sikhē.

25 Jab kahīn baiṭhke rote hain vo be-kas jinke
 Ashk ānkhōn meñ bilakte hū'e so-jāte hain,
 Nā-tawānōn ke nivālōn pē jhapaṭte hain 'uqāb
 Bāzū tole hū'e, mandlāte hū'e āte hain,

جب کبھی بکتا ہے بازار میں مزدور کا گوشت
 شاہراہوں پہ غریبوں کا لہو بہتا ہے
 آگ سی سینے میں رہ رہ کے اُبلتی ہے نہ پوچھ
 اپنے دل پر مجھے قابو ہی نہیں رہتا ہے

When labourers' flesh is sold in chaffering streets,
 Or pavements run with poor men's blood, a flame
 That lurks inside me blazes up beyond
 All power of quenching; do not ask its name.

30 *Wherever the workman's flesh is sold in the market,
 The blood of the poor flows on the highroads,—
 Something like a fire that is always in my breast mounts up, do
 not ask!
 No control over my heart is left to me.*

30 *Jab kabhī biktā hai bāzār meñ mazdūr kā gosht,
 Shāhrāhoñ pē gharīboñ kā lahū bahtā hai,
 Āg-sī sīne meñ rah-rahke ubalti hai, na pūchh!
 Apne dil par mujhe qābū hī nahīn rahtā hai.*

تنہائی

پھر کوئی آیا دل زار! نہیں کوئی نہیں
 راہ رو ہوگا، کہیں اور چلا جائے گا
 ڈھل چکی رات بکھرنے لگا تاروں کا غبار
 لڑکھڑانے لگے ایوانوں میں خوابیدہ چراغ
 سو گئی راستہ تک تک کے ہر اک راہ گزار
 اجنبی خاک نے دھندلا دیئے قدموں کے سراغ
 گل کرو شمعیں بڑھا دو مے و مینا و ایاغ
 اپنے بے خواب کواڑوں کو مقفل کرلو
 اب یہاں کوئی نہیں، کوئی نہیں آئے گا!

8. SOLITUDE

Someone has come at last, sad heart!—No, no-one is there;
 A traveller must be going by, bound some other way.
 The starry maze is wavering, night sinks to its decline,
 About the halls the nodding lamps gutter and go out;
 Each highroad slumbers, tired with long listening for steps,
 An alien dust has buried deep every trace of feet.
 Put out those candles, take away wine and flask and cup,
 Close your high doors that know no sleep, fasten bolt and bar;
 No-one, no-one will come here now, no-one any more.

SOLITUDE

- 1 Again someone has come, sad heart! No, nobody;
 It will be a traveller, he will be going somewhere else.
 Night has declined, the cloud of stars has begun to scatter;
 In the halls the sleepy lamps have begun to waver.
- 5 Every road after long expectancy has gone to sleep;
 Alien dust has made indistinct the traces of footsteps.
 Put out the candles, remove wine and flagon and cup,
 Lock up your sleepless portals.
 Now no-one, no-one will come here!

TANHĀ'Ī

- 1 Phir ko'ī āyā, dil-e-zār! nahīn, ko'ī nahīn;
 Rāh-rau hogā, kahīn aur chalā-jā'egā.
 Dhal-chukī rāt, bikharne-lagā tāron kā ghubār,
 Larḡharāne-lage aiwānon meñ khwābīda charāgh.
- 5 So-ga'ī rāsta tak-takke har-ēk rāh-guzār;
 Ajnabī khāk-ne dhundlā-diye qadmon ke surāgh.
 Gul karo sham'īn, barhā-do mai o minā o ayāgh.
 Apne be-khwāb kivāron ko muqaffal kar-lo;
 Ab yahān ko'ī nahīn, ko'ī nahīn ā'egā!

چند روز اور میری جان!

چند روز اور میری جان! فقط چند ہی روز
 ظلم کی چھاؤں میں دم لینے پہ مجبور ہیں ہم
 اور کچھ دیر ستم سہیلےں، تڑپ لیں رو لیں
 اپنے اجداد کی میراث ہے معذوریں ہم
 جسم پر قید ہے، جذبات پہ زنجیریں ہیں
 فکر مجبوس ہے، گفتار پہ تعزیریں ہیں
 اپنی ہیمت ہے کہ ہم پھر بھی جتے جاتے ہیں
 زندگی کیا کسی مفلس کی قبا ہے جس میں
 ہر گھڑی درد کے پیوند لگے جاتے ہیں
 لیکن اب ظلم کی میعاد کے دن تھوڑے ہیں
 اک ذرا صبر، کہ فریاد کے دن تھوڑے ہیں

9. A FEW DAYS MORE

Only a few days, dear one, a few days more.
 Here in oppression's shadows condemned to breathe,
 Still for a while we must suffer, and weep, and endure
 What our forefathers, not our own faults, bequeath—
 Fettered limbs, our feelings held on a chain,
 Minds in bondage, and words each watched and set down;
 Courage still nerves us, or how should we still live on,
 Now when existence is only a beggar's gown
 Tattered and patched every hour with new rags of pain?
 Yes, but to tyranny not many hours are left now;
 Patience, few hours of complaint are left us to bear.

A FEW DAYS MORE, MY DEAR!

- 1 A few days more, my dear, only a few days.
 We are compelled to draw breath in the shadows of tyranny;
 For a while longer let us bear oppression, and quiver, and weep:
 It is our ancestors' legacy, we are blameless;
- 5 On our body is the fetter, on our feelings are chains,
 Our thoughts are captive, on our speech are censorings;
 It is our courage that even then we go on living.
 Is life some beggar's gown, on which
 Every hour patches of pain are fixed?
- 10 But now the days of the span of tyranny are few;
 Patience one moment, for the days of complaining are few.

CHAṆD ROZ AUR, MĒRĪ JĀN!

- 1 Chaṇd roz aur, mēri jān! faqat chaṇd-hī roz.
 Ṣulm kī chhā'ōñ meñ dam lene pē majbūr haiñ ham;
 Aur kuchh der sitam sah-leñ, tarap-leñ, ro-leñ.
 Apne ajdād kī mirās hai, ma'zūr haiñ ham,
- 5 Jism par qaid hai, jazbāt pē zanjīreñ haiñ,
 Fikr maḥbūs hai, guftār pē ta'zīreñ haiñ—
 Apnī himmat hai kē ham phir bhī jiye-jāte haiñ.
 Zindagī kyā kisī mufliś kī qabā hai jis-meñ
 Har gharī dard ke paiwand lage-jāte haiñ?
10. Lekin ab ṣulm kī mī'ād ke din thōre haiñ,
 Ēk zarā ṣabr, kē faryād ke din thōre haiñ.

عرصہ دہر کی جھلسی ہوئی ویرانی میں
 ہم کو رہنا ہے یہ یوں ہی تو نہیں رہنا ہے
 اجنبی ہاتھوں کا بے نام گراں بار ستم
 آج سننا ہے، ہمیشہ تو نہیں سننا ہے
 یہ ترے حُسن سے لپٹی ہوئی آلام کی گرد
 اپنی دو روزہ جوانی کی شکستوں کا شمار
 چاندنی راتوں کا بے کار دھکتا ہوا درد
 دل کی بے سود تڑپ، جسم کی مایوس پکار
 چند روز اور مری جان! فقط چند ہی روز

In these close bounds of an age that desert sands choke
 We must stay now—not for ever and ever stay!
 Under this load beyond words of a foreign yoke
 We must bow down for a time—not for ever bow!
 Dust of affliction that clings to your beauty today,
 Crosses unnumbered that mar youth's few mornings, soon
 gone,
 Torment of silver nights that can find no cure,
 Heartache unanswered, the body's long cry of despair—
 Only a few days, dear one, a few days more.

In the scorched desert of the space of this age
 We must stay, but not stay like this;
 The nameless, heavy oppression of foreign hands
 15 Today must be borne, but not always borne.
 The dust of tribulations enfolding your beauty,
 Counting of the frustrations of our youth of two days,
 Futile burning pain of moonlit nights,
 The heart's profitless throbbing, the body's despairing cry—
 20 A few days more, my dear, only a few days.

'arṣa-e-dahr kī jhulsī hū'ī virānī meṁ
 Hamko rahnā hai pē yūn-hī to nahīn rahnā hai;
 Ajnabī hāthoṅ kā be-nām girānbār sitam
 15 Āj sahnā hai, hamesha to nahīn sahnā hai.
 Ye tēre ḥusn se liptī hū'ī ālām kī gard,
 Apnī do roza jawānī kī shikastoṅ kā shumār,
 Chāndnī rātoṅ kā be-kār dahaktā hū'ā dard,
 Dīl kī be-sūd tarāp, jism kī māyūs pukār—
 20 Chānd roz aur, mēri jān! faqat chānd-hī roz.

کُتے

یہ گلیوں کے آوارہ بے کار کُتے کہ خُشیا گیا جن کو ذوقِ گدائی
 زمانے کی پھٹکار سرمایہ اُن کا جہاں بھر کی دھشکار اُن کی کمائی
 نہ آرامِ شب کو نہ راحتِ سویرے غلاطت میں گھرنالیوں میں بسیرے
 جو بگڑیں تو اک دوسرے سے لڑا دو ذرا ایک روٹی کا ٹکڑا دکھا دو
 یہ ہر ایک کی ٹھوکریں کھانے والے یہ فاقوں سے اکتا کے مرجانے والے
 یہ ظُلمِ مخلوق گر سر اٹھائے تو انسان سب سرکشی بھول جائے
 یہ چاہیں تو دُنیا کو اپنا بنا لیں یہ آقاؤں کی ہڈیاں تک چمالیں
 کوئی ان کو احساسِ ذلتِ دلا دے
 کوئی ان کی سوئی ہوئی دم ہلا دے

10. DOGS

With fiery zeal endowed—to beg,
 They roam the street on idle leg,
 And earn and own the general curse,
 The abuse of all the universe;
 At night no comfort, at dawn no banquet,
 Gutter for lodging, mud for blanket.
 Whenever you find them any bother,
 Show them a crust—they'll fight each other,
 Those curs that all and sundry kick,
 Destined to die of hunger's prick.

DOGS

- 1 These wandering unemployed dogs of the streets,
 On whom has been bestowed ardour for beggary,
 The curses of the age their property,
 The abuse of the whole world their earnings,—
- 5 Neither rest at night nor comfort in the morning,
 Dwellings in the dirt, night-lodgings in the drains;—
 If they rebel, make one fight another,
 Just show them a piece of bread—
 They who suffer the kicks of everyone,
- 10 Who will die worn out with starvation.

KUTTE

- 1 Ye galyon ke āwāra be-kār kutte,
 Kē bakhshā-gayā jinko zauq-e-gadā'ī,
 Zamāne kī phitkār sarmāya unkā,
 Jahān bhar kī dhatkār unki kamā'ī,
- 5 Na ārām shab ko na rāhat sawere,
 Ghilāzat men ghar, nālyon men basere;
 Jo bigreñ to ēk dūsre se larā-do,
 Zarā ek roṭī kā ṭukrā dikhā-do—
 Ye harek kī ṭhokareñ khānewāle,
- 10 Ye fāqon se uktāke mar-jānewāle.

—If those whipped creatures raised their heads,
Man's insolence would be pulled to shreds:
Once roused, they'd make this earth their own,
And gnaw their betters to the bone—
If someone made their misery itch,
Just gave their sluggish tails a twitch!

*—If these oppressed creatures lifted their heads,
Mankind would forget all its insolence;
If they wished they would make the earth their own,
They would chew even the bones of the masters—*
15 *If only someone showed them consciousness of degradation,
If only someone shook their sleeping tails!*

Ye mazlūm makhluq gar sar uthā'e,
To insān sab sarkashī bhūl-jā'e;
Ye chāheñ to dunyā ko apnā banā-leñ,
Ye āqā'on kī haḍḍiyāñ tak chabā-leñ—
15 Ko'ī inko ihsās-e-zillat dilā-de,
Ko'ī inkī so'ī hū'ī dum hilā-de.

بول

بول، کہ لب آزاد ہیں تیرے
 بول، زباں اب تک تیری ہے
 تیرا ستواں جسم ہے تیرا
 بول کہ جاں اب تک تیری ہے
 دیکھ کہ آہن گر کی دکان میں
 تندرہیں شعلے سُرخ ہے آہن
 کھلنے لگے قفلوں کے دہانے
 پھیلا ہر اک زنجیر کا دامن

II. SPEAK

Speak, for your two lips are free;
 Speak, your tongue is still your own;
 This straight body still is yours—
 Speak, your life is still your own.

See how in the blacksmith's forge
 Flames leap high and steel glows red,
 Padlocks opening wide their jaws,
 Every chain's embrace outspread!

SPEAK

- 1 *Speak, for your lips are free;
 Speak, your tongue is still yours,
 Your upright body is yours—
 Speak, your life is still yours.*
- 5 *See how in the blacksmith's shop
 The flames are hot, the iron is red,
 Mouths of locks have begun to open,
 Each chain's skirt has spread wide.*

BOL

- 1 *Bol, kē lab āzād hain tere:
 Bol, zabān ab tak terī hai,
 Terā sutwān jism hai terā—
 Bol, kē jān ab tak terī hai.*
- 5 *Dekh kē āhangar kī dukān meñ
 Tuñd hain shu'le, surkh hai āhan,
 Khuine-lage qulon ke dahāne,
 Phailā harēk zanjir kā dāman.*

بول، یہ تھوڑا وقت بہت ہے
 جسم و زباں کی موت سے پہلے
 بول کہ سچ زندہ ہے اب تک
 بول، جو کچھ کہنا ہے کہ لے!

Time enough is this brief hour
 Until body and tongue lie dead;
 Speak, for truth is living yet—
 Speak whatever must be said.

Speak, this little time is plenty
 10 *Before the death of body and tongue:*
Speak, for truth is still alive—
Speak, say whatever is to be said.

Bol, ye thorā waqt bahut hai,
 10 Jism o zabān kī maut se pahle:
 Bol, kē sach zinda hai ab tak—
 Bol, jo kuchh kahnā hai kah-le!

موضوعِ سخن

گل ہوئی جاتی ہے افسردہ سلگتی ہوئی شام
 ڈھل کے نکلے گی ابھی چشمہ مہتاب سے رات
 اور—مُشتاق نگاہوں کی سنی جائے گی
 اور—اُن ہاتھوں سے مس ہوں گے یہ تڑپے ہوئے ہاتھ
 اُن کا آنچل ہے، کہ رخسار، کہ پیراہن ہے
 کچھ تو ہے جس سے ہوئی جاتی ہے چلمن رنگیں
 جانے اُس زلف کی موہوم گھنی چھاؤں میں
 ٹٹماتا ہے وہ آویزہ ابھی تک کہ نہیں
 آج پھر حُسنِ دل آرا کی وہی دھج ہوگی
 وہی خواہیدہ سی آنکھیں وہی کاجل کی لکیر

12. POETRY'S THEME

Twilight is burning out and turning chill,
 Night comes fresh-bathed from where the moon's spring
 flows;

And now—these eager eyes shall have their will,
 These avid fingers feel the touch of those!

Is that her fringed veil, is it her face, her dress,
 Behind the hanging gauze, that makes it glow—
 And in the vague mist of that rippling tress
 Does the bright earring twinkle still, or no?

Subtly once more her loveliness will speak,
 Those pencilled lids, those languorous eyes, again;

POETRY'S THEME

- 1 Evening, numb and smouldering, is being extinguished,
 Soon night will emerge, bathed, from the fountain of the moon,
 And the eyes' desire will be fulfilled,
 And these thirsting hands will touch those hands!
- 5 Is it the border of her veil, or cheek, or is it her mantle?
 Something there is by which the curtain is being tinged with colour.
 There is no knowing whether in the hazy thick shade of that tress
 That earring is still twinkling or not.
 Today again there will be the same style of captivating beauty,
- 10 Those same as-if-sleeping eyes, that line of lampblack,

MAUZŪ'-E-SUKHAN

- 1 Gul hū'i-jātī hai afsurda sulagti hū'i shām,
 Dhulke niklegī abhī chashma-e-mahtāb se rāt,
 Aur—mushtāq nigāhon kī sunī-jā'egī,
 Aur—un hāthoñ se mas hoñge ye tarse hū'e hāt!
- 5 Unkā ānchal hai, kē rukhsār, kē pairāhan hai?
 Kuchh to hai jis-se hū'i-jātī hai chilman rangīn.
 Jāne us zulf kī maubūm ghanī chhā'oñ meñ
 Timtimātā hai vo āweza abhī tak kē nahīn.
 Āj phir husn-e-dilārā kī vuhī dhaj hogī,
- 10 Vuhī khwābīda-sī ānkheñ, vuhī kājal kī lakīr,

رنگِ رخسار پہ ہلکا سا وہ غازے کا غبار
 صندلی ہاتھ پہ دھندلی سی رونا کی تحریر
 اپنے افکار کی، اشعار کی دنیا ہے یہی
 جانِ مضمون ہے یہی، شاہدِ معنی ہے یہی
 آج تک سُرخ و سیہ صدیوں کے سائے کے تلے
 آدم و حوا کی اولاد پہ کیا گزری ہے؟
 موت اور زیست کی روزانہ صف آرائی میں
 ہم پہ کیا گزرے گی، اجداد پہ کیا گزری ہے؟
 ان دمکتے ہوئے شہروں کی فراواں مخلوق
 کیوں فقط مرنے کی حسرت میں جیا کرتی ہے؟
 یہ حسیں کھیت پھٹا پڑتا ہے جو بن جن کا
 کس لئے اُن میں فقط بھوک اُگا کرتی ہے؟

Dusted with that faint powder, her pink cheek,
 On her pale hand the henna's delicate stain.
 Here is the chosen world of rhyme and dream
 My muse inhabits, here her darling theme!

—Under the black and blood-red murk of ages
 How has it fared with Eve's sons all these years?
 How shall *we* fare, where daily combat rages
 Of death with life? how fared our forefathers?

Why must those gay streets' swarming progeny
 So draw breath that to die is all they crave?
 In those rich fields bursting with bounty, why
 Must no ripe harvest except hunger wave?

*On the colour of the cheek that faint cloud of powder,
 On the sandalwood-coloured hand the misty tracery of henna.
 This only is the world of my thoughts, my verses,
 This only is the soul of my meaning, this only is the darling of
 my intent.*

- 15 Down to today, under the shadow of red and black centuries,
 What has befallen the offspring of Adam and Eve?
 In the daily battle-array of death and life,
 What will befall us, what has befallen our ancestors?
 The multitudinous creatures of these glittering cities,
 20 Why do they keep living only in desire of death?
 These lovely fields, whose bloom is bursting out,
 Why does only hunger keep growing in them?

Raṅg-e-rukhsār pē halkā-sā vo ghāze kā ghubār,
 Saṇdalī hāth pē dhuṇḍlī-sī ḥinā kī taḥrīr.
 Apne afkār kī, ash'ār kī dunyā hai yēhī,
 Jān-e-mazmūn hai yēhī, shāhid-e-ma'nā hai yēhī.

- 15 Āj tak surkh o siya ṣadyon ke sā'e ke tale,
 Ādam o Ḥavvā kī aulād pē kyā guzrī hai?
 Maut aur zist kī rozāna ṣafārā'ī meṅ,
 Ham pē kyā guzregī, ajdād pē kyā guzrī hai?
 In damakte hū'e shahron kī farāwān maḥlūq
 20 Kyūn faqat marne kī ḥasrat meṅ jiyā-kartī hai?
 Ye ḥasīn khet, phaṭā-partā hai joban jinkā,
 Kis-liye un-meṅ faqat bhūk ugā-kartī hai?

یہ ہر اک سمت پُرا سرار کڑی دیواریں
 جل بجھے جن میں ہزاروں کی جوانی کے چراغ
 یہ ہر اک گام پہ اُن خوابوں کی منتقل گا ہیں
 جن کے پرتو سے چراغاں ہیں ہزاروں کے داغ
 یہ بھی ہیں، ایسے کئی اور بھی مضمون ہوں گے
 لیکن اُس شوخ کے آہستہ سے کھلتے ہوئے ہونٹ
 ہائے اُس جسم کے کبخت دل آویز خطوط
 آپ ہی کہیے کہیں ایسے بھی افسوں ہوں گے
 اپنا موضوع سخن ان کے سوا اور نہیں
 طبع شاعر کا وطن ان کے سوا اور نہیں

Walls dark with secrets frown on every side,
 That countless lamps of youth have sunk behind;
 Everywhere scaffolds on which dreams have died
 That lit unnumbered candles in man's mind.

—These too are subjects; more there are;—but oh,
 Those limbs that curve so fatally ravishingly!
 Oh that sweet wretch, those lips parting so slow—
 Tell me where else such witchery could be!
 No other theme will ever fit my rhyme;
 Nowhere but here is poetry's native clime.

These harsh walls on every side, full of mysteries,
 In which the lamps of the youth of thousands have burned away,
 25 These execution-grounds, at every step, of those dreams
 By whose radiance the minds of thousands are lamps:
 These also are themes, others also like them there may be.
 But the slowly opening lips of that saucy one!
 Ah, the cursed alluring lines of that body!
 30 You yourself say, will there be such sorceries anywhere else?
 My theme of poetry is nothing else except these,
 The native land of the poet's nature is nothing else except these.

Ye harēk simt pur-asrār kaṛī dīwārēn,
 Jal-bujhe jin-meñ hazāroñ kī jawānī ke charāgh,
 25 Ye harēk gām pē un khwāboñ kī maqtaḷ-gāheñ,
 Jinke partau se charāghāñ haiñ hazāroñ ke dimāgh:
 Ye bhī haiñ, aise ka'ī aur bhī mazmūn hoñge;
 Lekin us shokh ke āhista-se khulte-hū'e hoñt,
 Hā'e us jism ke kambakht dil-āwez khuṭṭ—
 30 Āp-hī kahiye, kahīñ aise bhī afsūn hoñge?
 Apnā mauzū'-e-sukhan inke siwā aur nahīñ,
 Tab'-e-shā'ir kā waṭan inke siwā aur nahīñ.

ہم لوگ

دل کے ایوان میں بسے گل شدہ شمعوں کی قطار
نورِ خورشید سے سہمے ہوئے اکتائے ہوئے
حسنِ محبوب کے سیالِ تصور کی طرح
اپنی تاریکی کو بھینے ہوئے، لپٹائے ہوئے

غایتِ سود و زیاں، صورتِ آغاز و مآل
وہی بے سود تجسس، وہی بے کار سوال

13. OUR KIND

In the mind's hall, holding each his dead lamp,
Turning with trembling nausea from the sun's light,
Huddled in our own darkness, hugging it tight
As if in an endless dream of a sweet face;
—Riddle of good and ill and beginning and end,
The old futile inquisition, profitless chase;

WE

- 1 In the hall of the heart, bearing a row of extinguished candles,
Timorous of the sun's light, desponding,—
As if it were the flowing fantasy of a beloved beauty
Hugging, clinging to our own darkness;
- 5 Purpose of profit and loss, appearance of beginning and end,
The same profitless enquiry, the same useless question;

HAM LOG

- 1 Dīl ke aiwān meñ liye gul-shuda sham'on kī qatār,
Nūr-e-khwurshīd se sahme hū'e, uktā'e hū'e,
Ḥusn-e-mahbūb ke saiyāl taṣawwur kī ṭarāḥ,
Apnī tārikī ko bhīnche hū'e, liptā'e hū'e;
- 5 Ghāyat-e-sūd-o-ziyān, ṣūrat-e-āghāz-o-m'āl,
Vuhī be-sūd tajassus, vuhī be-kār sawāl,

مُضْمَلِ سَاعَتِ اِمْرُوز کی بے رنگی سے
 یادِ ماضی سے غمیں، دہشتِ فردا سے نڈھال
 تشنہ افکار جو تشکین نہیں پاتے ہیں
 سوختہ اشک جو آنکھوں میں نہیں آتے ہیں
 اک کڑا درد کہ جو گیت میں ڈھلتا ہی نہیں
 دل کے تاریک شگافوں سے نکلتا ہی نہیں
 اور اک اُلجھی ہوئی موہوم سی درماں کی تلاش
 دشت و زنداں کی ہوش چاک گریباں کی تلاش

Tedium of today's colourless minutes,
 Goad of remembrance, chill of tomorrow's fears;
 Starved thoughts that come to no comfort, blistering tears
 That find no way to the eye, a numb misery
 Not melting into any song or escaping
 From the heart's shadowed crevices;—and a quest,
 Visionary, bemused, for remedy;
 A thirst for desert and dungeon, for the rent garment.

*Exhausted by the colourlessness of today's moment,
 Saddened by remembrance of the past, paralysed by fear of
 tomorrow;*

*Thirsty thoughts that find no relief,
 10 Burning tears that do not come into the eyes,
 One hard pain that does not take the mould of song,
 Does not issue from the dark crannies of the heart;
 And a tangled, confused search for a remedy,
 A longing for desert and prison, a search for the rent garment.*

Muzmaḥil sā'at-e-imroz kī be-rāngī se,
 Yād-e-māzī se ḡhamīn, dahshat-e-fardā se niḍhāl;
 Tishna afkār jo taskīn nahīn pāte haiṅ,
 10 Sokhta ashk jo āṅkhon meṅ nahīn āte haiṅ,
 Ēk kaṛā dard kē jo gīt meṅ ḍhaltā hī nahīn,
 Dil ke tārik shigāfon se nikaltā hī nahīn;
 Aur ěk uljhī hū'ī mauhūm-sī darmān kī talāsh,
 Dasht o zindān kī havas, chāk-e-giribān kī talāsh.

سیاسی لیڈر کے نام

سالہا سال یہ بے آسرا، جکڑے ہوئے ہات
رات کے سخت و سیہ سینے میں پیوست رہے
جس طرح تنکا سمندر سے ہو سرگرم ستیز
جس طرح تیتری کھسار پہ یلغار کرے
اور اب رات کے سنگین و سیہ سینے میں
اِتنے گھاؤ ہیں، کہ جس سمت نظر جاتی ہے
جا بجا نور نے اک جال سا بن رکھا ہے
دور سے صبح کی دھڑکن کی صدا آتی ہے

14. TO A POLITICAL LEADER

Long years those hands, unfriended and unfree,
Have clawed into night's dark unyielding breast
As straws might dash themselves against a sea,
Or butterflies assail a mountain-crest:

Till now that dark and flint-hard breast of night
Has felt so many gashes that all round,
Look where you will, is woven a web of light,
And from far off the morning's heartbeats sound.

TO A POLITICAL LEADER

- 1 Year by year these unprotected, bound hands
Have remained fixed in the hard, black bosom of night,
As a straw may be ardent in strife with the sea,
As a butterfly may make an attack on a mountain;
- 5 And now in the stony and black bosom of night
There are so many wounds, that whichever way the eye goes
Everywhere light has woven a sort of web,
From afar the sound of the throbbing of dawn comes.

SIYĀSĪ LEADER KE NĀM

- 1 Sāl-hā-sāl ye be-āsrā, jakre hū'e hāt
Rāt ke sakht o siya sīne meñ paiwast rahe,
Jis țarah tinkā samundar se ho sargarm-e-satez,
Jis țarah tītī kuhsār pe yalghār kare;
- 5 Aur ab rāt ke saṅgīn o siya sīne meñ
Itne ghā'o hain, kē jis simt naẓar jāti hai
Jā-ba-jā nūr-ne ēk jāl-sā bun-rakhā hai,
Dūr se ṣubḥ kī dhaṛkan kī ṣadā āti hai.

تیرا سرمایہ ، تیری آس یہی ہات تو ہیں!
 اور کچھ ہے بھی ترے پاس؟ یہی ہات تو ہیں
 تجھ کو منظور نہیں غلبہٴ ظلمت لیکن
 تجھ کو منظور ہے یہ ہاتھ قلم ہو جائیں
 اور مشرق کی کہیں گہ میں دھڑکتا ہوا دن
 رات کی آہنی میٹ کے تلے دب جائے!

The people's hands have been your coat of mail,
 Your wealth: what else has lent you strength, but they?
 You do not wish this darkness to prevail,
 Yet wish those hands lopped off, and the new day,

Now throbbing in its eastern ambush, doomed
 Under night's iron corpse to lie entombed.

*Your wealth, your hope, are these same hands—
 10 Have you anything else?—it is these same hands.
 You do not desire the victory of darkness, but
 You desire that these hands be cut off,
 And that day, throbbing in the ambushade of the east,
 Sink under the iron corpse of night!*

Terā sarmāya, tēri ās yēhī hāt to haiñ!
 10 Aur kuchh hai bhī tēre pās? Yēhī hāt to haiñ.
 Tujhko manzūr nahīn ghalba-e-zulmat, lekin
 Tujhko manzūr hai ye hāth qalam ho-jā'eñ,
 Aur mashriq kī kamīn-gah meñ dharaktā hū'ā din
 Rāt kī āhanī maiyat ke tale dab-jā'e!

اے دل بے تاب ٹھہر

تیرگی ہے کہ اُمنڈتی ہی چلی جاتی ہے
 شب کی رگ رگ سے لہو پھوٹ رہا ہو جیسے
 چل رہی ہے کچھ اس انداز سے نبض ہستی
 دونوں عالم کا نشہ ٹوٹ رہا ہو جیسے
 رات کا گرم لہو اور بھی بہ جانے دو
 یہی تاریکی تو ہے غارِ رُخسارِ سحر
 صبح ہونے ہی کو ہے اے دل بے تاب ٹھہر

15. OH RESTLESS HEART

Darkness an ever-deepening flood,
 Night's blood gushing from every vein;
 Creation's pulse flutters as though
 An ecstasy of the two worlds were waning.

Let night's warm blood stream on: its shade
 Is powder for the cheeks of dawn.
 Daybreak is near; oh restless heart, be still.

OH RESTLESS HEART, WAIT

- 1 It is a darkness that goes on swelling,
 As if blood were spouting from night's every vein;
 The pulse of existence is going somewhat in this fashion
 As if an intoxication of both worlds were failing.
- 5 Let night's warm blood go on flowing;
 This darkness is the powder of the face of dawn:
 It is just about to be morning—oh restless heart, wait.

AI DIL-E-BE-TĀB, THAHAR

- 1 Tīragī hai kē umandātī-hī chalī-jāti hai
 Shab kī rag rag se lahū phūṭ-rahā ho jaise;
 Chal-rahī hai kuchh is' andāz se nabṛ-e-hastī
 Donoñ 'ālam kā nasha ṭūṭ-rahā ho jaise.
- 5 Rāt kā garm lahū aur bhī bah-jāne-do;
 Yēhī tārikī to hai ghāza-e-rukhsār-e-saḥar:
 Ṣubḥ hone hī ko hai; ai dil-e-be-tāb, ṭhahar.

ابھی زنجیر چھنکتی ہے پس پردہ ساز
 مطلق الحکم ہے شیرازہ اسباب ابھی
 ساغرِ ناب میں آنسو بھی ڈھلک جاتے ہیں
 لغزشِ پامیں ہے پابندیِ آداب ابھی
 اپنے دیوانوں کو دیوانہ تو بن لینے دو
 اپنے میخانوں کو میخانہ تو بن لینے دو
 جلد یہ سطوتِ اسباب بھی اٹھ جائے گی
 یہ گراں بارِ آداب بھی اٹھ جائے گی
 خواہ زنجیر چھنکتی ہی چھنکتی ہی رہے

Through music's veil the clanking chain,
 Omnipotent yet fate's web close-drawn,
 Tears into life's pure winecup running,
 Feet drunk with ardour clogged by custom's bane.

But let true heaven-born madness fill
 Our madmen, wine our wineshops—soon
 Fate's empire shall be overthrown
 And tyranny of custom fade,
 Let the linked chain clank now, clank as it will.

Still a chain clanks behind the curtain of music,
 Of absolute power still is the scheme of cause-and-effect,
 10 Into the unmixed goblet tears too go rolling,
 On the unsteadiness of the foot there is still the tether of custom.
 Let your madmen become truly mad,
 Let your wineshops become truly wineshops,
 Quickly this domination of things-as-they-are shall be removed,
 15 This oppressiveness of custom shall be removed—
 Though the chain go on rattling and rattling!

Abhī zanjir chhanaktī hai pas-e-parda-e-sāz,
 Muṭlaq ul-ḥukm hai shirāza-e-asbāb abhī,
 10 Sāghar-e-nāb meñ ānsū bhī ḍhalak-jāte haiñ,
 Lagh-zish-e-pā meñ hai pābandī-e-ādāb abhī.
 Apne dīwānoñ ko dīwāna to ban-lene-do,
 Apne maikhānoñ ko maikhāna to ban-lene-do,
 Jald ye saṭwat-e-asbāb bhī uṭh-jā'egī,
 15 Ye girānbārī-e-ādāb bhī uṭh-jā'egī,
 Khwāh zanjir chhanaktī-hī, chhanaktī-hī rahe.

میرے ہمدم میرے دوست

گر مجھے اس کا یقین ہو میرے ہمدم میرے دوست
 گر مجھے اس کا یقین ہو کہ ترے دل کی تھکن
 تیری آنکھوں کی اُداسی ترے سینے کی جلن
 میری دل جوئی، میرے پیار سے مٹ جائے گی
 گر مرا حرفِ تسلی وہ دوا ہو جس سے

جی اُٹھے پھر ترا اُجڑا ہوا بے نور دماغ
 تیری پیشانی سے دھل جائیں یہ تذلّیل کے داغ

16. MY FELLOW-MAN, MY FRIEND

If I could know for certain, my fellow-man, my friend—
 If I could know for certain that your heart-weariness,
 That brooding in your eyes and those thoughts that sear you
 might
 Be healed by any caring or comforting of mine;
 Or if my words of solace were medicine that could bring
 Revival to your stricken and shadow-haunted brain,
 Wipe from your brow the wrinkles that shame and failure
 write,

MY FELLOW-CREATURE, MY FRIEND

- 1 If I were certain of this, my companion, my friend,
 If I were certain of this, that the weariness of your heart,
 The sadness of your eyes, the burning in your breast,
 Would be removed by my sympathy, my affection;
- 5 If my words of consolation were that medicine through which
 Your desolated, unlit brain would recover itself,
 These stains of humiliation be removed from your forehead,

MĒRE HAMDAM, MĒRE DOST

- 1 Gar mujhe iskā yaqīn ho, mĕre hamdam, mĕre dost—
 Gar mujhe iskā yaqīn ho kĕ tĕre dil kī thakan,
 Terī ānkhon kī udāsī, tĕre sīne kī jalaṇ,
 Merī dil-jū'ī, mĕre pyār se miṭ-jā'egī;
- 5 Gar mĕrā ḥarf-e-tasallī vo dawā ho jis-se
 Jī uṭhe phir tĕrā ujṛā hū'ā be-nūr dimāgh,
 Terī peshānī se dhul-jā'en ye tazlīl ke dāgh,

تیری بیمار جوانی کو شفا ہو جائے
 گر مجھے اس کا یقین ہو مرے ہمد، مرے دوست
 روز و شب شام و سحر میں تجھے بہلاتا رہوں
 میں تجھے گیت سناتا رہوں ہلکے شیریں
 آبشاروں کے بہاروں کے چمن زاروں کے گیت
 آمدِ صبح کے، مہتاب کے سیاروں کے گیت
 تجھ سے میں حُسن و محبت کی حکایات کہوں
 کیسے مغرور حسیناؤں کے برفاب سے جشم
 گرم ہاتھوں کی حرارت میں پگھل جاتے ہیں
 کیسے اک چہرے کے ٹھہرے ہوئے مانوس نقوش
 دیکھتے دیکھتے یک لخت بدل جاتے ہیں
 کس طرح عارضِ محبوب کا شفاف بلور
 یک بیک بادۂِ احمر سے دھک جاتا ہے

And mend the pale consumption that wastes away your youth;—

If I knew this for certain, my fellow-man, my friend!
 Day and night I would cheer you, morning and evening make
 Songs and new songs to please you, honeyed, heart-quieting—
 Songs of cascades and springtides and flowery meadowlands,
 Of breaking dawns, of moonlight, or of the wandering stars;
 Or tell you old romances of shining eyes and love,
 Of beautiful proud women and bosoms cold as snow
 Melting under the fervent touch of a lover's hands;
 Tell how familiar features, long known by heart, may while
 We watch them be transfigured in one short moment's space,
 Or how the crystal whiteness of the beloved one's cheek
 Will suddenly be kindled into wine's ruby glow,

Your sickly youth be cured;—
 If I were certain of this, my companion, my friend,
 10 Day and night, evening and daybreak, I would keep entertaining
 you,
 I would keep singing you songs, gentle and sweet,
 Songs of waterfalls, of springtimes, of meadows,
 Songs of the advent of dawn, of moonlight, of planets;
 I would tell you stories of beauty and love,
 15 Of how the ice-like bodies of proud beauties
 Melt in the ardour of warm hands;
 How the well-known, familiar features of some face
 While we are watching all at once become changed;
 How the transparent crystal of the beloved's cheek
 20 Suddenly glows with red wine;

Terī bimār jawānī ko shifā ho-jā'e—
 Gar mujhe iskā yaqīn ho, mēre hamdam, mēre dost,
 10 Roz o shab, shām o sahar, main tujhe bahlātā rahūn,
 Main tujhe gīt sunātā rahūn, halke, shīrīn,
 Ābshārōn ke, bahārōn ke, chamanzārōn ke gīt,
 Āmad-e-subh ke, mahtāb ke, saiyārōn ke gīt;
 Tujh-se main ḥusn o maḥabbat kī ḥikāyāt kahūn,
 15 Kaise maghrūr ḥasīnā'ōn ke barfāb-se jism
 Garm hāthōn kī ḥarārat meṅ pighal-jāte haiṅ;
 Kaise ěk chahre ke ṭhahre hū'e mānūs nuqūsh
 Dekhte dekhte yak lakht badal-jāte haiṅ;
 Kis ṭarah 'āriz-e-maḥbūb kā shaffāf bilaur
 20 Yak-ba-yak bāda-e-aḥmar se dahak-jātā hai;

کیسے گلچیں کے لئے جھکتی ہے خود شاخِ گلاب
 کس طرح رات کا ایوانِ مہک جاتا ہے
 یوں ہی گاتا رہوں، گاتا رہوں، تیری خاطر
 گیت بُنتا رہوں، بیٹھا رہوں، تیری خاطر
 پر مرے گیت ترے دکھ کا مداوا ہی نہیں
 نغمہ جراح نہیں، مونس و غمِ خوار سہی
 گیت نشتر تو نہیں، مرہمِ آزار سہی
 تیرے آزار کا چارہ نہیں، نشتر کے سوا
 اور یہ سفاک مسیحا مرے قبضے میں نہیں
 اس جہاں کے کسی ذی رُوح کے قبضے میں نہیں
 ماں مگر تیرے سوا، تیرے سوا، تیرے سوا

—How of herself the rose-spray leans to be plucked, and send
 A breath of perfume stealing through the dark hall of night;

Such songs I would keep making, to sing you hour by hour,
 Weaving new notes to charm you, sitting here by your side.
 But for your rooted trouble what is my rhyming worth?
 Verse is soft balm for sorrow, no surgeon to save life:
 Music a salve for sickness, no lancet; and there is
 No remedy for sickness like yours, except the knife—
 The murderer, the redeemer, that is not in my power
 Nor in the power of any that draw breath on this earth:
 Any, excepting only—yourself, yourself, yourself!

*How the rose-spray bends of itself for the rose-plucker,
 How the hall of night grows perfumed;*

—So would I keep singing, keep singing, for your sake,
 I would go on sitting and weaving songs for your sake.

- 25 But my songs are no remedy for your affliction,
 Melody is no surgeon, even though consoling and sympathetic;
 A song is no lancet, though it may be a lotion for sickness.
 There is no cure for your sickness, except the lancet,
 And this butcher-messiah is not in my power,
 30 Is not in the power of any breathing thing in this world,
 Except—yes! except yourself, except yourself, except yourself.

Kaise gulchīn ke liye jhuktī hai khwud shākh-e-gulāb,

Kis tarāḥ rāt kā aiwān mahak-jātā hai;

Yūn-hī gātā-rahūn, gātā-rahūn, terī khāṭir,

Gīt buntā-rahūn, baiṭhā-rahūn, terī khāṭir.

- 25 Par mēre gīt tēre dukh kā mudāvā hī nahīn,
 Naghma jarrāḥ nahīn, mūnis o ḡham-khwār sahī;
 Gīt nishtar to nahīn, marham-e-āzār sahī.
 Tere āzār kā chāra nahīn, nishtar ke siwā,
 Aur ye saffāk masīhā mēre qabze meñ nahīn,
 30 Is jahān ke kisī zī-rūḥ ke qabze meñ nahīn,
 Hān magār tere siwā, tere siwā, tere siwā.

دشتِ صبا

FINGERS OF THE WIND

THE ZEPHYR'S HAND

DAST-E-ŞABĀ

○
 متاع لوح و قلم چھن گئی تو کیا غم ہے
 کہ خونِ دل میں ڈبولی ہیں انگلیاں میں نے
 زبان پہ مہر لگی ہے تو کیا، کہ رکھ دی ہے
 ہر ایک حلقہ زنجیر میں زباں میں نے

17. IF INK AND PEN

If ink and pen are snatched from me, shall I
 Who have dipped my finger in my heart's blood complain—
 Or if they seal my tongue, when I have made
 A mouth of every round link of my chain?

STANZA

- 1 *If my property of tablet and pen is taken away, what grief is it,
 When I have dipped my fingers in the blood of the heart?
 A seal has been set on my tongue: what of it, when I have put
 A tongue into every ring of my chain?*

QITA'

- 1 *Matā'-e-lauh-o-qalam chhin-ga'ī to kyā gham hai,
 Kē khūn-e-dil meñ ḍabo-lī haiñ ungliyāñ main-ne.
 Zabān pē muhr lagī hai to kyā, kē rakh-dī hai
 Harek ḥalqa-e-zanjir meñ zabān main-ne.*

کبھی کبھی یاد میں اُبھرتے ہیں نقشِ ماضی مٹے مٹے سے
وہ آزمائشِ دل و نظر کی، وہ قربتیں سی، وہ فاصلے سے
کبھی کبھی آرزو کے صحرا میں آکے رکتے ہیں قافلے سے
وہ ساری باتیں لگاؤ کی سی، وہ سارے عنوانِ وصال کے سے
نگاہ و دل کو قرار کیسا، نیشاٹ و غم میں کمی کہاں کی

18. AT TIMES

At times, at times, in remembrance faintly old scenes reviving,
Things once so near and so far—heart-vision, eye-vision
striving.

At times, at times, in desire's parched sands, caravans come
halting,
With tokens laden to seal all bargains of lovers' driving.

For eye or heart what repose, what slaking of joy and anguish?

GHAZAL

- 1 Sometimes, sometimes, images of the past swell up again, very
faintly, in memory,
Those contests of heart and sight, those as it were nearnesses and
farnesses;
Sometimes, sometimes, in the wilderness of longing, things like
caravans come and stop,
All those things as it were of affection, all those symbols as it
were of union.
- 5 How can there be rest to eye and heart, where any lessening of
joy and grief?

GHAZAL

- 1 Kabhī kabhī yād meñ ubharte haiñ naqsh-e-māzī miṭe
miṭe-se,
Vo āzmā'ish dil-o-naẓar kī, vo qurbateñ-sī, vo fāṣile-se;
Kabhī kabhī ārzū ke ṣaḥrā meñ āke rukte haiñ qāfile-se,
Vo sārī bāteñ lagā'o kī sī, vo sāre 'unwāñ viṣāl ke se.
- 5 Nigāh o dīl ko qarār kaisā, nishāṭ o ḡham meñ kamī
kahāñ kī?

وہ جب ملے ہیں تو اُن سے ہر بار کی ہے الفت نئے سرے سے
 بہت گراں ہے یہ عیش تنہا کہیں شُبک ترک نہیں گوارا
 وہ دردِ پہناں کہ ساری دُنیا رفیق تھی جس کے واسطے سے
 تمہیں کہو رند و محتسب میں ہے آج شب کون فرق ایسا
 یہ آگے بیٹھے ہیں مکیڈے میں وہ اُٹھ کے آئے ہیں مکیڈے سے

Each time I see her love springs anew by some fresh contriving.

This lonely pleasure is hard to bear; that was kinder torment
 When inward grief kept a bond of kinship with all men
 thriving.

Between stern censor and rake what gulf can be found this
 evening?

One left the tavern just now, the second is just arriving.

When she meets one, every time love of her has a new beginning.

Very heavy is this solitary pleasure; much lighter, much more
 agreeable,

That hidden pain thanks to which the whole world was a comrade.
 You yourself say, is there any so great difference this night
 between profligate and censor of morals?

10 This one has come and sat down in the wineshop, that one has got
 up and come from the wineshop.

Vo jab mile haiñ to un-se harbār kī hai ulfat 'na'e sire se.

Bahut girāñ hai ye 'aish-e-tanhā, kahīñ subuktar, kahīñ
 gavārā

Vo dard-e-pinhāñ kē sārī dunyā rafīq thī jis-ke wāṣṭe se.

Tumhīñ kaho rind o muḥtasib meñ hai āj shab kaun farq
 aisā,

10 Ye āke baiṭhe haiñ maikade meñ, vo uṭhke ā'e haiñ maikade
 se.

صُبْحِ آزادی

اگست ۱۹۴۷

یہ داغ داغ اُجالا، یہ شب گزیدہ سحر
وہ انتظار تھا جس کا، یہ وہ سحر تو نہیں
یہ وہ سحر تو نہیں جس کی آرزو لے کر
چلے تھے یار کہ مل جائے گی کہیں نہ کہیں

19. FREEDOM'S DAWN (August 1947)

This leprous daybreak, dawn night's fangs have mangled—
This is not that long-looked-for break of day,
Not that clear dawn in quest of which those comrades
Set out, believing that in heaven's wide void

DAWN OF FREEDOM (August 1947)

- 1 This stain-covered daybreak, this night-bitten dawn,
This is not that dawn of which there was expectation;
This is not that dawn with longing for which
The friends set out, (convinced) that somewhere there would be
met with,

ṢUBḤ-E-ĀZĀDĪ (August 1947)

- 1 Ye dāgh dāgh ujālā, ye shab-gazīda saḥar,
Vo intizār thā jis-kā, ye vo saḥar to nahīn,
Ye vo saḥar to nahīn jis-kī ārzū lekar
Chale the yār kē mil-jā'egī kahīn na kahīn

فلک کے دشت میں تاروں کی آخری منزل
کہیں تو ہوگا شبِ سُست موج کا ساحل
کہیں تو جا کے رُکے گا سفینہ غمِ دل

جواں لہو کی پُر اسرار شاہ راہوں سے
چلے جو یار تو دامن پہ کتنے ہاتھ پڑے
دیارِ حُسن کی بے صبر خواب گاہوں سے
پُکارتی رہیں باہیں بدنِ بلا تے رہے
بہت عزیز تھی لیکن رُخِ سحر کی لگن
بہت قریں تھا حسینانِ نور کا دامن
سُبک سُبک تھی تمنا، دبی دبی تھی تھکن
سُنا ہے ہو بھی چُکا ہے فراقِ ظلمت و نور
سُنا ہے ہو بھی چُکا ہے وصالِ منزل و گام

Somewhere must be the stars' last halting-place,
Somewhere the verge of night's slow-washing tide,
Somewhere an anchorage for the ship of heartache.

When we set out, we friends, taking youth's secret
Pathways, how many hands plucked at our sleeves!
From beauty's dwellings and their panting casements
Soft arms invoked us, flesh cried out to us;
But dearer was the lure of dawn's bright cheek,
Closer her shimmering robe of fairy rays;
Light-winged that longing, feather-light that toil.

But now, word goes, the birth of day from darkness
Is finished, wandering feet stand at their goal;

- 5 In the desert of the sky, the final destination of the stars,
Somewhere there would be the shore of the sluggish wave of night,
Somewhere would go and halt the boat of the grief of pain.
- By the mysterious highroads of youthful blood
When (we) friends set out, how many hands were laid on our skirts;
10 From impatient sleeping-chambers of the dwellings of beauty
Arms kept crying out, bodies kept calling;
But very dear was the passion for the face of dawn,
Very close the robe of the sylphs of light:
The longing was very buoyant, the weariness was very slight.
15 —It is heard that the separation of darkness and light has been
fully completed,
It is heard that the union of goal and step has been fully completed;

- 5 Falak ke dasht meñ tāron kī ākhirī manzil,
Kahīñ to hogā shab-e sust mauj kā sāhil,
Kahīñ to jāke rukegā safina-e-gham-e-dil.

- Jawāñ lahū kī pur-asrār shāhrāhoñ se
Chale jo yār to dāman pē kitne hāth parē;
10 Diyār-e-ḥusn kī be-ṣabr khwābgāhoñ se
Pukārtī-rahīñ bāheñ, badan bulāte-rahe;
Bahut 'azīz thī lekin rukh-e-saḥar kī lagan,
Bahut qarīñ thā ḥasīnān-e-nūr kā dāman,
Ṣubuk subuk thī tamannā, dabī dabī thī thakan.
15 Sunā hai ho bhī chukā hai firāq-e-zulmat-o-nūr,
Sunā hai ho bhī chukā hai viṣāl-e-manzil-o-gām;

بدل چکا ہے بہت اہل دزد کا دستور
نشاط و صل حلال و عذاب ہجر حرام

جگر کی آگ نظر کی اُمٹنگ دل کی جلن
کسی پہ چارہ ہجراں کا کچھ اثر ہی نہیں
کہاں سے آئی نگار صبا کدھر کو گئی
ابھی چراغ سر رہ کو کچھ خبر ہی نہیں
ابھی گرانی شب میں کمی نہیں آئی
نجات دیدہ و دل کی گھڑی نہیں آئی
چلے چلو کہ وہ منزل ابھی نہیں آئی

Our leaders' ways are altering, festive looks
Are all the fashion, discontent reprov'd;—
And yet this physic still on unslaked eye
Or heart fevered by severance works no cure.
Where did that fine breeze, that the wayside lamp
Has not once felt, blow from—where has it fled?
Night's heaviness is unlesened still, the hour
Of mind and spirit's ransom has not struck;
Let us go on, our goal is not reached yet.

*The manners of the people of suffering (leaders) have changed
very much,
Joy of union is lawful, anguish for separation forbidden.*

*The fire of the liver, the tumult of the eye, burning of the heart,—
20 There is no effect on any of them of (this) cure for separation.
Whence came that darling of a morning breeze, whither has it gone?
The lamp beside the road has still no knowledge of it;
In the heaviness of night there has still come no lessening,
The hour of the deliverance of eye and heart has not arrived.
25 Come, come on, for that goal has still not arrived.*

Badal-chukā hai bahut ahl-e-dard kā dastūr,
Nishāṭ-e-vaṣl ḥalāl o 'azāb-e-hijr ḥarām.

Jigar kī āg, naẓar kī umaṅ, dil kī jalan,
20 Kisi pē chāra-e-hijrān kā kuchh aṣar hī nahīn.
Kahān se ā'ī nigār-e-ṣabā, kidhar ko ga'ī?
Abhī charāgh-e-sar-e-rah ko kuchh khabar hī nahīn;
Abhī girānī-e-shab meñ kamī nahīn ā'ī,
Najāt-e-dīda-o-dil kī ghaṛī nahīn ā'ī;
25 Chale-chalo kē vo manzil abhī nahīn ā'ī.

لوح و قلم

ہم پرورش لوح و قلم کرتے رہیں گے
جو دل پہ گزرتی ہے رقم کرتے رہیں گے
اسبابِ غمِ عشق بہم کرتے رہیں گے
ویرانیِ دُورِاں پہ کرم کرتے رہیں گے
ہاں تلخیِ ایام ابھی اور بڑھے گی
ہاں اہلِ ستمِ مشقِ ستم کرتے رہیں گے

20. TABLET AND PEN

I shall not cease to feed this pen, but still
Keep record of what things pass through the soul,
Still gather means for love to work its will,
Keep green this age round which blank deserts roll.

Though these days' bitterness must grow sharper yet,
And tyrants not renounce their tyranny,

TABLET AND PEN

- 1 I will go on cherishing the tablet and pen,
I will go on writing down what passes over the heart,
I will go on collecting the attributes of the grief of love,
I will go on pouring bounty on the desolation of the age.
- 5 Yes, the bitterness of the times will grow still greater;
Yes, the tyrant people will go on practising tyranny;

LAUH-O-QALAM

- 1 Ham parwarish-e-lauh-o-qalam karte-raheṅge,
Jo dīl pē guzartī hai raqam karte-raheṅge,
Asbāb-e-gham-e-'ishq baham karte-raheṅge,
Vīrānī-e-daurān pē karam karte-raheṅge.
- 5 Hān talkhī-e-aiyām abhī aur baṛhegī,
Hān ahl-e-sitam mashq-e-sitam karte-raheṅge:

منظور یہ تلخی، یہ ستم ہم کو گوارا
 دم ہے تو مداوائے الم کرتے رہیں گے
 مے خانہ سلامت ہے تو ہم سُرخِ مے سے
 تزیینِ درو بامِ حرم کرتے رہیں گے
 باقی ہے لہوِ دل میں تو ہر اشک سے پیدا
 رنگِ لب و رخسارِ صنم کرتے رہیں گے
 اک طرزِ تغافل ہے سو وہ اُن کو مبارک
 اک عرضِ تمنا ہے سو ہم کرتے رہیں گے

I taste their bitter wrongs without regret,
 But while breath lasts will nurse each malady—

While yet the tavern stands, with its red wine
 Crimson the temple's high cold walls; and while
 My heartblood feeds my tears and lets them shine,
 Paint with each drop the loved one's rosy smile.

Let others live for calm indifferent peace;
 I listen to earth's pangs, and will not cease.

*This bitterness is accepted, this tyranny is endurable to me,
 While there is breath I will go on with the healing of pain.
 While the wineshop is safe, with the red of wine
 10 I will go on adorning the door and roof of the shrine;
 While there is blood left in my heart, from each tear
 I will go on creating colour for the lip and cheek of my idol.
 There is a fashion of indifference: they are welcome to it—
 There is an appeal of love's-demand, and this I will go on
 presenting.*

Manzūr ye talkhī, ye sitam hamko gavārā,
 Dam hai to mudāvā-e-alam karte-raheṅge.
 Maikhāna salāmat hai to ham surkhī-e-mai se
 10 Taz'in-e-dar-o-bām-e-ḥaram karte-raheṅge,
 Bāqī hai lahū dil meṅ to har ashk se paidā
 Raṅg-e-lab-o-rukhsār-e-ṣanam karte-raheṅge;
 Ēk tarz-e-taghāful hai so vo unko mubārak,
 Ēk 'arṣ-e-tamannā hai so ham karte-raheṅge.



نہ پوچھ جب سے ترا انتظار کتنا ہے
 کہ جن دنوں سے مجھے تیرا انتظار نہیں
 ترا ہی عکس ہے اُن اجنبی بہاروں میں
 جو تیرے لب تیرے بازو، ترا کنار نہیں

21. DO NOT ASK

Do not ask how much I have longed for you
 Since those lost days of longing expectation;
 Your image fills these unfamiliar springs
 That are not your embrace, your arms, your lips.

STANZA

- 1 Do not ask how great my waiting (longing) for you has been since
 Those days since when there has been for me no waiting for
 (expectation of) you.
 Your image alone is in those alien springs
 That are not your lips, your arms, your embrace.

QITA'

- 1 Na pūchh jab se tērā intizār kitnā hai,
 Kē jin dinon se mujhe terā intizār nahīn;
 Tērā-hī 'aks hai un ajnabī bahāron meñ
 Jo tere lab, tere bāzū, tērā kinār nahīn.

○
 صبا کے ہاتھ میں نرمی ہے اُن کے ہاتھوں کی
 ٹھہر ٹھہر کے یہ ہوتا ہے آج دِل کو گماں
 وہ ہاتھ ڈھونڈ رہے ہیں بساطِ مخپل میں
 کہ دِل کے داغ کہاں ہیں، نِشستِ درد کہاں

22. HER FINGERS

The softness of her fingers is in this dawn-wind's hand;
 And as it stirs, the fancy comes today to my mind
 That her soft hands are searching through the ranks of our
 friends,
 To find what are their heartaches, to feel where are their
 wounds.

STANZA

- 1 *In the hand of the morning breeze is the softness of her hands;
 While it lingers, this idea comes to my mind today—
 Those hands are seeking in the place of the gathering
 For where the scars of the heart are, where the seat of pain.*

QIṬA'

- 1 *Ṣabā ke hāth meñ narmī hai unke hāthoñ kī;
 Ṭahar-ṭaharke ye hotā hai āj dil ko gumāñ
 Vo hāth ḍhūñd-rahe haiñ bisāṭ-e-mahfil meñ
 Kē dil ke dāgh kahāñ haiñ, nishast-e-dard kahāñ.*

شورشِ بربط و نئے

پہلی آواز

اب سعی کا امکان اور نہیں پرواز کا مضمون ہو بھی چکا
تاروں پر کمندیں پھینک چکے، مہتاب پہ شخوٹ ہو بھی چکا
اب اور کسی فردا کے لئے ان آنکھوں سے کیا پامیاں کیجے
کس خواب کے جھوٹے افسوں سے تشکینِ دلِ ناداں کیجے
شیرینی لبِ خوشبوئے دہن اب شوق کا عنوان کوئی نہیں

23. LYRE AND FLUTE

First Voice

No spur left now for endeavour; gone, ambition of soaring; we
have done
With throwing a noose to catch the stars, with laying an
ambush for the moon.
What new pledge now, what promise of fine tomorrows,
should I hang before
These eyes, or with what cheating illusion comfort the foolish
heart once more?
No sweetness of lip, no fragrant mouth, is any emblem of
love today,

CLAMOUR OF LYRE AND FLUTE

First Voice

- 1 Now there is no more power of endeavour, the theme of soaring
aloft has altogether ended,
We have finished throwing nooses over stars, the night-attack on
the moon is finished.
Now what pledge of some other tomorrow should be made to those
eyes?
With what dream's false magic should the ignorant heart be
consoled?
- 5 Sweetness of lips, perfume of mouth, are no longer emblems of love;

SHORISH-E-BARBAṬ-O-NAI

Pahlī āwāz

- 1 Ab sa'ī kā imkān aur nahīn, parwāz kā maẓmūn ho bhī chukā,
Tāron pē kamandēn phaiṅk-chuke, mahtāb pē shab^{kh}ūn ho
bhī chukā;
Ab aur kiśī fardā ke liye in āṅkhoṅ se kyā paimān kiye,
Kis ^{kh}wāb ke jhūṭe afsūn se taskīn-e-dil-e-nādān kiye?
- 5 Shīrīnī-e-lab, ^{kh}wushbū-e-dahan, ab shauq kā 'unwān ko'ī
nahīn;

شادابیِ دلِ تفریحِ نظر، اب زلیست کا درماں کوئی نہیں
 جینے کے فسانے رہنے دو اب اُن میں الجھ کر گم ہوں گے
 اک موت کا دھندا باقی ہے جب چاہیں گے پٹا لیں گے
 یہ تیرا کفن، وہ میرا کفن، یہ میری لحد، وہ تیری ہے
 دوسری آواز

ہستی کی متاع بے پایاں جاگیر تری ہے نہ میری ہے
 اس بزم میں اپنی مشعلِ دلِ شعل ہے تو کیا رخشاں ہے تو کیا

No gladness of heart, no sparkling eye, is any balsam of life today.
 Leave off those tales of a living world—what use to entangle us in their mesh?
 Our only business is how to die, and that we may settle when we wish;
 For here is my shroud, and there is yours, and there is your grave, and here is mine.

Second Voice

Existence with all its sumless wealth is no private estate of yours or mine:
 What difference, in the hall of life, if one heart's taper be quenched or bright,

Freshness of heart, delight of the eye, are no medicine for life now.
 Leave those tales of living—entangled in them, what shall we gain now?

Only one business is left, that of death, and that we shall accomplish when we wish;
 This is your shroud, that is my shroud, this is my grave, that is yours.

Second Voice

- 10 The boundless wealth of existence is neither your fief nor mine;
 In this assembly if the torch of one's own heart is extinguished, what of it? if shining, what of it?

Shādābi-e-dil, tafriḥ-e-naẓar, ab zist kā darmān ko'ī nahīn.
 Jīne ke fasāne rahne-do, ab un-meñ ulajhkar kyā leñge?
 Ēk, maut kā dhandā bāqī hai, jab chāheñge niptā-leñge;
 Ye terā kafan, vo merā kafan, ye merī laḥad, vo terī hai.

Dūsri āwāz

- 10 Hastī kī matā'-e-be-pāyān jāgīr tērī hai na merī hai,
 Is bazm meñ apnī mash'al-e-dil bismil hai to kyā, rakhshān hai to kyā?

یہ بزم چراغاں رہتی ہے اک طاق اگر ویراں ہے تو کیا
 افسردہ ہیں گریام ترے، بدلا نہیں مسلکِ شام و سحر
 ٹھہرنے نہیں موسمِ گل کے قدم قائم ہے جمالِ شمس و قمر
 آباد ہے وادی کا کل و لب شاداب و حسین گلگشتِ نظر
 مقسوم ہے لذتِ دردِ جگر، موجود ہے نعمتِ دیدہ تر
 اس دیدہ تر کا شکر کرو، اس ذوقِ نظر کا شکر کرو
 اس شام و سحر کا شکر کرو، ان شمس و قمر کا شکر کرو

Or one niche lack its candle, when all the place besides is
 ablaze with light?

Though your hours languish, they shall not see the statute of
 night and day repealed,

The season of roses slacken its step, the glory of moon or sun
 concealed.

The dell of ringlet and lip still blooms, the charmed eye
 wanders among fresh flowers,

Fate grants us the cherished pain of love that blesses us with
 its tears' hot showers:

Be thankful for all those joys of sense, be thankful for all the
 tears that run,

Give thanks for the break of day and evening, thanks for the
 rays of moon and sun.

*This assembly remains illuminated: if one niche is desolate, what
 of it?*

*If your days are spiritless, unchanged the law of evening and
 morning,*

*Unhalted the steps of the season of roses, firm the beauty of sun
 and moon,*

15 *Populous the valley of ringlet and lip, fresh and lovely the eye's
 garden-wandering;*

*Destined is the pleasure of the pain of the liver, present is the
 blessing of the wet eye:*

*Give thanks for this wet eye, give thanks for this delight of sight,
 Give thanks for this evening and morning, give thanks for this
 sun and moon.*

Ye bazm charāghān rahtī hai, ěk ṭāq agar vīrān hai to kyā?
 Afsurda haiṅ gar aiyām tēre, badlā nahīn maslak-e-shām-o-
 sahar,

Ṭahre nahīn mausim-e-gul ke qadam, qā'im hai jamāl-e-
 shams-o-qamar,

15 *Ābād hai wādī-e-kākul-o-lab, shādāb o ḥasīn gulgasht-e-
 nazar,*

*Maqsūm hai lazzat-e-dard-e-jigar, maujūd hai ni'mat-e-
 dīda-e-tar:*

*Is dīda-e-tar kā shukr karo, is zauq-e-nazar kā shukr karo,
 Is shām-o-sahar kā shukr karo, in shams-o-qamar kā shukr
 karo.*

پہلی آواز

گر ہے یہی مسلک شمس و قمر ان شمس و قمر کا کیا ہوگا
 رغنائی شب کا کیا ہوگا، اندازِ سحر کا کیا ہوگا
 جب خونِ جگر برفاب بنا جب آنکھیں آہن پوش ہوئیں
 اس دیدِ تر کا کیا ہوگا، اس ذوقِ نظر کا کیا ہوگا
 جب شعر کے خمیے راکھ ہوئے، نغموں کی طنابیں ٹوٹ گئیں

First Voice

Whatever statute may govern them, what profit are sun and moon to us?
 What is it to us, if night is lovely or day's first coming luminous?
 When all our lifeblood has turned to ice, when eyes are shuttered up with steel,
 What meaning have any tears, what meaning have any joys that sense can feel?
 Once poetry's high pavilion burned, its tent-rope strands of music snapped,

First Voice

If there is this law of sun and moon, what (good) can come of this sun and moon?
 20 What can come of the charm of night, what can come of the grace of morning?
 When the blood of the liver has turned to ice, when the eyes have been coated with iron,
 What can come of this wet eye, what can come of this delight of sight?
 When the tents of poetry have become ashes, when the tent-ropes of melodies have broken,

Pahlī āwāz

Gar hai yēhī maslak-e-shams-o-qamar, in shams-o-qamar kā kyā hogā?
 20 Ra'nā'ī-e-shab kā kyā hogā, andāz-e-saḥar kā kyā hogā?
 Jab khūn-e-jigar barfāb banā, jab ānkheñ āhan-posh hū'īn,
 Is dīda-e-tar kā kyā hogā, is zauq-e-naẓar kā kyā hogā?
 Jab shē'r ke khaime rākh hū'e, naghmoñ kī ṭanābeñ ṭūṭ-ga'īn,

یہ ساز کہاں سر بھوڑیں گے اس کلک گہر کا کیا ہوگا
جب کنج قفس مشکن ٹھہرا اور جیب و گریباں طوق و رن
آئے کہ نہ آئے موسم گل، اس دزدِ جگر کا کیا ہوگا

دوسری آواز

یہ ہاتھ سلامت ہیں جب تک اس خوں میں حرارت ہے جب تک
اس دل میں صداقت ہے جب تک اس نطق میں طاقت ہے جب تک

What good is the pen that scatters pearls, or where shall the
sounding harp grow rapt?
If a cage's corner must be our home, iron collar and rope our
scarf and sleeve—
Whether rose-harvest comes or no, what use for a lover's
heart to grieve?

Second Voice

While these hands keep their virtue, and while warm blood is
still pulsing through these veins,
While honour holds her place in our souls and reason is
sovereign in our brains,

*Where shall these lyres rhapsodize, what can come of this pen of
pearls?*

25. *When a corner of a cage has been left as dwelling, and coat-collar
and robe are iron collar and rope,
Whether the season of roses come or not, what can come of this pain
of the liver?*

Second Voice

So long as these hands are alive, so long as there is warmth in this
blood,
So long as there is sincerity in this heart, so long as there is
strength in this mind,

Ye sâz kahân sar phorēnge, is kilk-e-guhar kâ kyâ hogâ?

- 25 *Jab kunj-e-qafas maskan ṭahrâ, aur jaib-o-garībân ṭauq-o-
rasan,
Ā'e kē na ā'e mausim-e-gul, is dard-e-jigar kâ kyâ hogâ?*

Dūsri āwāz

Ye hāth salāmat haiñ jab tak, is khūn meñ ḥarārat hai jab
tak,
Is dīl meñ ṣadāqat hai jab tak, is nuṭq meñ ṭāqat hai jab tak,

اِن کھوک و سلاسل کو ہم تم سکھلائیں گے شورِشِ بربط و نئے
 وہ شورِش جس کے آگے زبوں ہنگامہ طبلِ قیصر و گے
 آزاد ہیں اپنے فکر و عمل، بھرپور خزانہ ہمت کا
 اک عمر ہے اپنی ہر ساعت، امروزی ہے اپنا ہر فردا
 یہ شام و سحر، یہ شمس و قمر، یہ اختر و کوکب اپنے ہیں
 یہ لوح و قلم، یہ طبل و علم، یہ مال و حشم، سب اپنے ہیں

Let us two teach all locks and fetters the swelling music of
 lyre and flute,
 Music to strike the imperial drum of Caesar or Kai-khosru
 mute!
 Our treasure-house of courage is full, in thought and action
 both we are free,
 All our tomorrows with us today, each moment of ours a
 century—
 That dawn, that twilight belong to us, that planet and star,
 that sun and moon,
 That tablet and pen and banner and drum and state and
 glory are all are own.

I and you will teach to these iron collars and chains the clamour
 of lyre and flute,
 30 That clamour before which the tumult of the drum of Caesar and
 Kai is feeble.
 Free are our thought and deed, full our treasury of courage,
 Each minute of ours is a lifetime, each tomorrow of ours is today;
 This evening and morning, this sun and moon, this star and
 constellation are our own,
 This tablet and pen, this drum and standard, this wealth and
 pomp, are all our own.

In ṭauq-o-salāsil ko ham tum sikhā'eṅge shorish-e-barbaṭ-o-
 nai,
 30 Vo shorish jis-ke āge zabūn haṅgāma-e-ṭabl-e-Qaiṣar-o-Kai.
 Āzād haiṅ apne fikr-o-'amal, bharpūr khazīna himmat kā,
 Ēk 'umr hai apnī har sā'at, imrūz hai apnā har fardā;
 Ye shām-o-saḥar, ye shams-o-qamar, ye akhtar o kaukab apne
 haiṅ,
 Ye lauḥ-o-qalam, ye ṭabl o 'alam, ye māl o ḥasham, sab apne
 haiṅ.



پھر ہشر کے ساماں ہوئے ایوانِ ہوش میں
 بیٹھے ہیں ذوی العذل گنہ گار کھڑے ہیں
 ہاں جرمِ وفا دیکھیے کس کس پہ ہے ثابت
 وہ سارے خطا کار سردار کھڑے ہیں

24. ONCE MORE

Once more a Day of Wrath's loud din
 Fills old Ambition's hall:
 The doomsmen seated on this hand,
 The accused there in the dock.

Now see on whose heads the heinous sin
 Of honesty must fall!
 There its vile perpetrators stand,
 And near them stands the block.

STANZA

- I *Again there have been preparations of a doomsday in the hall of ambition;
 The justiciars are seated, the sinners are standing.
 Yes, see against whom the crime of loyalty is proved:
 All those miscreants are standing beside the gibbet.*

QITA'

- I Phir ḥashr ke sāmān hu'e aiwān-e-havas meñ;
 Baiṭhe haiñ zavī-al-'adl, gunagār khare haiñ.
 Hāñ, jurm-e-wafā dekhiye kis kis-pē hai ṣābit:
 Vo sāre khaṭākār sar-e-dār khare haiñ.

طوق و دار کا موسم

روشِ روش ہے وہی انتظار کا موسم
 نہیں ہے کوئی بھی موسم بہار کا موسم
 گراں ہے دل پہ نعمِ روزگار کا موسم
 ہے آزمائشِ حُسنِ نگار کا موسم
 خوشِ نظارہٗ رخسارِ یار کی ساعت
 خوشِ قرارِ دلِ بے قرار کا موسم
 حدیثِ بادہ و ساقی نہیں تو کس مصرف
 خرامِ ابرِ سر کو ہسار کا موسم
 نصیبِ صحبتِ یاراں نہیں تو کیا کیجے
 یہ رقصِ سایہٗ سرو و چنار کا موسم

25. THIS HOUR OF CHAIN AND GIBBET

On every pathway broods this hour of waiting,
 No hour that strikes is the longed hour of spring;
 And daily cares lie heavy on our souls—
 This is the touchstone hour to try love's spells.

Blest minute that brings a dear face back to sight,
 Blest hour that brings rest to a restless heart!
 Wine-cup and cup-filler denied, in vain
 That hour when cool clouds walk across the mountain,
 Or cypress or chenar leaf, when no comrades
 Share with us its green hour of dancing shades.

THE SEASON OF MANACLE AND STAKE

- 1 Pathway by pathway there is that same season of waiting,
 No season at all is the season of spring.
 Heavy on the heart is the season of distress for daily bread,
 It is the season of the testing of the beauty of the beloved.
- 5 Happy the moment of the sight of the face of a dear friend,
 Happy the season of tranquillity in the intranquil heart!
 When there is no question of wine and cup-bearer, of what use
 The season of the movement of the cloud over the mountain?
 If the company of friends is not our lot, what good
- 10 This season of the dance of the shadow of cypress and chenar-tree?

TAUQ-O-DĀR KĀ MAUSIM

- 1 Ravish-ravish hai vuhī intizār kā mausim,
 Nahīn hai ko'ī bhi mausim bahār kā mausim.
 Girān hai dīl pē ḡham-e-rozgār kā mausim,
 Hai āzmā'ish-e-ḡusn-e-nigār kā mausim.
- 5 Khwushā naẓāra-e-rukhsār-e-yār kī sā'at,
 Khwushā qarār-e-dīl-e-be-qarār kā mausim.
 Ḥadīṣ-e-bāda-o-sāqī nahīn, to kis maṣraf
 Khīrām-e-abr-e-sar-e-kohsār kā mausim?
 Naṣīb ṣuḥbat-e-yārān nahīn, to kyā kīje
- 10 Ye raqṣ-e-sāya-e-sarv-o-chanār kā mausim?

یہ دل کے داغ تو دکھتے تھے یوں بھی پر کم
 کچھ اب کے اور ہے ہجرانِ یار کا موسم
 یہی جنوں کا، یہی طوق و دار کا موسم
 یہی ہے جبر، یہی اختیار کا موسم
 قفس ہے بس میں تمہارے تمہارے بس میں نہیں
 چمن میں آتشِ گل کے نیکار کا موسم
 صبا کی مستِ بخرامی تہِ کمند نہیں
 اسیرِ دام نہیں ہے بہار کا موسم
 بلا سے ہم نے نہ دیکھا تو اور دیکھیں گے
 فروغِ گلشن و صوتِ ہزار کا موسم

These scars ached long ago, a little—not
 As this hour does that keeps all friends apart,
 This hour of chain and gibbet and rejoicing,
 Hour of necessity and hour of choice.

At your command the cage, but not the garden's
 Red rose-fire, when its radiant hour begins;
 No noose can catch the dawn-wind's whirling feet,
 The spring's bright hour falls prisoner to no net.

Others will see, if I do not, that hour
 Of singing nightingale and splendid flower.

*These scars of the heart ached indeed just like this, but only a little;
 Something different now is the season of the separation from the
 friend.*

*This is the season of ecstasy, of manacle and stake,
 This is the season of coercion and of choice.*

- 15 *The cage is in your power, but not in your power is
 The season in the garden of the brightening of the fire of the rose.
 The wild motion of the morning-breeze is not under a noose,
 The season of spring is not prisoner of a snare.
 No matter; if I have not seen, others will see*
- 20 *The season of the brightness of the rose-garden and of the sound
 of the nightingale.*

Ye dil ke dāgh to dukhte the yūn bhī, par kam kam,
 Kuchh abke aur hai hijrān-e-yār kā mausim.
 Yēhī junūn kā, yēhī ṭauq-o-dār kā mausim,
 Yēhī hai jabr, yēhī ikhtiyār kā mausim.

- 15 *Qafas hai bas men tumhāre, tumhāre bas men nahīn
 Chaman men ātash-e-gul ke nikhār kā mausim.
 Ṣabā kī mast khirāmī tah-e-kamaṇd nahīn,
 Asīr-e-dām nahīn hai bahār kā mausim.
 Balā se, ham-ne na dekhā to aur dekheṅge*
- 20 *Furogh-e-gulshan o ṣaut-e-hazār kā mausim.*

سرِ مقتل

(قوالی)

کہاں ہے منزلِ راہِ تمنا ہم بھی دیکھیں گے
 یہ شب ہم پر بھی گزرے گی، یہ فردا ہم بھی دیکھیں گے
 ٹھہراے دل، جمالِ رُوئے زیبا ہم بھی دیکھیں گے
 ذرا صیقل تو ہوئے تشنگیِ بادہ گساروں کی
 دبا رکھیں گے کب تک جوشِ صہبا ہم بھی دیکھیں گے
 اٹھا رکھیں گے کب تک جامِ وِ مینا ہم بھی دیکھیں گے

26. AT THE PLACE OF EXECUTION

We too shall see the goal of hope's long race;
 Patience, my heart: night's length will pass, and we
 Shall see tomorrow rise with shining face.

The drinkers' thirst once sharpened, we shall see
 How long the fiery grape can be denied,
 Or flask and cup kept under lock and key.

AT THE EXECUTION-GROUND (Song)

- 1 We too shall see where is the destination of the road of longing,
 This night will pass over us too, we too shall see this tomorrow:
 Be still, oh heart, we too shall see the beauty of its charming face.
 Just let the thirst of the wine-drinkers become really sharp,
- 5 We too shall see how long they will suppress the fervour of the
 grape-wine,
 We too shall see how long they will keep away cup and flagon.

SAR-E-MAQTAL (Qawwālī)

- 1 Kahān hai manzil-e-rāh-e-tan-nā ham bhī dekheṅge,
 Ye shab ham-par bhī guzregī, ye fardā ham bhī dekheṅge:
 Thahr, ai dil, jamāl-e-rū-e-zebā ham bhī dekheṅge.
 Zarā ṣaiqal to ho-le tishnagī bāda-gusāron kī,
- 5 Dabā rakkheṅge kab tak josh-e-ṣahbā ham bhī dekheṅge,
 Uṭhā-rakkheṅge kab tak jām-o-mīnā ham bhī dekheṅge.

صلاح آتو چکے مخمل میں اُس کوئے ملامت سے
 کسے روکے گا شورِ پندِ بے جا ہم بھی دیکھیں گے
 کسے ہے جا کے کوٹ آنے کا یا راہم بھی دیکھیں گے
 چلے ہیں جان و ایماں آزمانے آج دل والے
 وہ لائیں لشکرِ اغیار و اعدا ہم بھی دیکھیں گے
 وہ آئیں تو سرِ مشتعل، تماشا ہم بھی دیکھیں گے
 یہ شب کی آخری ساعت گراں کیسی بھی ہو نہ دم
 جو اس ساعت میں نہ پاں ہے اُجالا ہم بھی دیکھیں گے
 جو فرقِ صبح پر چمکے گا تارا، ہم بھی دیکھیں گے

One challenge from that street where love must hide—
 And we shall see who stops for idle saws,
 Or ventured once can bear to turn aside!

Today true men go out to try their cause;
 Let the adversary come with legions, meet us
 At the place of death—we shall see then whose the applause.

Companion, night's last hour cannot defeat us;
 We shall see yet the flame it has choked down,
 The star that is to flash from morning's crown.

Let a summons have come into the assembly from that Street of
 Reproach,
 We too shall see whom the babble of futile counsel will halt,
 We too shall see who will have strength, having gone, to return.
 10 Today men of heart go to test their spirit and faith;
 Let them bring an army of rivals and enemies, we too shall see
 them—
 Let them come then to the execution-ground, we too shall see the
 spectacle.
 However heavy be this last hour of night, companion,
 We too shall see the light that is hidden in this hour,
 15 We too shall see the star that will shine on the summit of morning.

Ṣalā ā to chuke mahfil meñ us kū-e-malāmat se,
 Kise rokegā shor-e-paṇd-e-be-jā ham bhī dekheñge,
 Kise hai jāke lauṭ-āne kā yārā ham bhī dekheñge.
 10 Chale haiñ jān-o-imān āzmāne āj dil-wāle;
 Vo lā'en lashkar-e-aghyār-o-a'dā ham bhī dekheñge,
 Vo ā'en to sar-e-maqṭal, tamāsha ham bhī dekheñge.
 Ye shab kī ākhirī sā'at girāñ kaisī bhī ho, hamdam,
 Jo is sā'at meñ pinhāñ hai ujālā ham bhī dekheñge,
 15 Jo farq-e-ṣubḥ par chamkegā tārā, ham bhī dekheñge.

ہمارے دم سے ہے کوئے جنوں میں اب بھی خجل
 عبائے شیخ و قبائے امیر و تاج شہی
 ہمیں سے سنت منصور و قیس زندہ ہے
 ہمیں سے باقی ہے گل دامنی و کج گلہی

27. WHILST WE BREATHE

Whilst we breathe, still in the Street of Rapture robed
 Grandee, gowned preacher, crowned king, stand abashed;
 Through us God-crazed Mansur, love-crazed Majnun,
 And tilted cap and gay flowered coat, live on.

STANZA

- I *Through our living, in the street of ecstasy are still abashed
 The holy man's cloak and the nobleman's robe and the royal crown;
 Through us the tradition of Mansur and Qais is still alive,
 Through us survive flowered-dress-wearing and cap-tilting.*

QITA'

- I Hamāre dam se hai kū-e-junūn meñ ab bhī khajil
 'abā-e-shaikh o qabā-e-amīr o tāj-e-shahī;
 Hamīn-se sunnat-e-Manşūr-o-Qais zinda hai,
 Hamīn-se bāqī hai gul-dāmanī o kaj-kulahī.

شفق کی راکھ میں جل بجھ گیا ستارۂ شام
 شبِ فراق کے گیسو فضا میں لہرائے
 کوئی پکارو کہ اک عمر ہونے آئی ہے
 فلک کو قافلہ روز و شام ٹھہرائے
 یہ ضد ہے یادِ حریفانِ بادہ پیما کی
 کہ شب کو چاند نہ نکلے نہ دن کو ابر آئے
 صبا نے پھر درِ زنداں پہ آکے دی دشتک
 سحر قریب ہے، دل سے کہو نہ گھبرائے

28. AMONG TWILIGHT EMBERS

In the sky, while evening's star burns out among twilight
 embers,
 Long tresses float of the night of lovers kept apart.

Will no-one sound the march!—an age almost has passed
 Since heaven allowed the caravan of day-and-night to start.

No moon come now by night, cool cloud by day, to make
 Old memories of friends and boon-companions smart!

Once more the breeze comes tapping at my prison door,
 Whispering—Dawn is near; teach patience to your heart.

GHAZAL

- 1 In the ashes of twilight the star of evening has burned away,
 The tresses of the night of separation have waved in the sky.
 Cry out, someone, for a lifetime has nearly passed
 That heaven has kept the caravan of day and night standing still.
 5 This is the preventative of memories of wine-measuring intimates,
 That the moon should not come out at night nor the cloud by day.
 The morning-breeze has come again and knocked on the prison
 door:
 'Daybreak is near, tell your heart not to be agitated.'

GHAZAL

- 1 Shafaq kī rākh meñ jal-bujh-gayā sitāra-e-shām,
 Shab-e-firāq ke gesū fazā meñ lahrā'e.
 Ko'ī pukāro kē ēk 'umr hone ā'ī hai
 Falak ko qāfila-e-roz-o-shām ṭhahrā'e.
 5 Ye zid hai yād-e-ḥarīfān-e-bāda-paimā kī
 Kē shab ko chānd na nikale, na dīn ko abr ā'e.
 Ṣabā-ne phir dar-e-zīndān pē āke dī dastak:
 Ṣaḥar qarīb hai, dil se kaho na ghabrā'e.

دو عشق

(۱)

تازہ ہیں ابھی یاد میں اے ساقی گل فام
وہ عکس رخ یار سے لہکے ہوئے ایام
وہ پھول سی کھلتی ہوئی دیدار کی ساعت
وہ دل سادھرتا ہوا اُمید کا ہنگام
اُمید کہ لوجا کا غم دل کا نصیبہ
لو شوق کی ترسی ہوئی شب ہو گئی آخر
لو ڈوب گئے درد کے بے خواب ستارے
اب چمکے گا بے صبر نگاہوں کا مُقَدَّر

29. TWO LOVES

Fresh yet in memory,
Saqi, rose-sister,
Those days whose bright mirror
Reflects her face still;
Those moments like opening
Blossoms, of sight of her,
Moments like fluttering
Heartbeats, of hope for her—

Hope of fulfilment
Come to end heartache,
Hope of love's night of thirst
Ending at last;
Sinking, those sleepless
Stars that rained sorrow,
Dawning, that destined
Joy so long waited—

TWO LOVES

- 1 Fresh are still in memory, oh rose-like Saqi,
Those days shining by the reflection of the face of the beloved,
That moment of meeting, like a flower opening,
That time of hope, like a heart palpitating—
- 5 Hope that, lo! the good-fortune of the sad heart has awakened,
Lo, love's night of longing is over at last,
Lo, the sleepless stars of pain have sunk,
Now the destined-prize of impatient looks will shine:

DO 'ISHQ

- 1 Tāza haiñ abhī yād meñ, ai sāqī-e-gul-fām,
Vo 'aks-e-rukḥ-e-yār se lahke hū'e aiyām,
Vo phūl-sī khiltī hū'ī dīdār kī sā'at,
Vo dīl-sā dharaktā hū'ā ummed kā haṅgām—
- 5 Ummed kē lo jāgā ḡham-e-dīl kā naṣība,
Lo shauq kī tarsī hū'ī shab ho-ga'ī ākḥīr,
Lo dūb-ga'e dard ke be-kḥwāb sitāre,
Ab chamkegā be-ṣabr nigāhoñ kā muqaddar:

اس بام سے نکلے گا ترے حُسن کا خورشید
 اُس کنج سے پھوٹے گی کرن رنگِ جنا کی
 اس در سے بہے گا تیری رفتار کا سیلاب
 اُس راہ پہ پھوٹے گی شفق تیری قبا کی

پھر دیکھے ہیں ہجر کے تپتے ہوئے دن بھی
 جب فکرِ دل و جاں میں فغاں بھول گئی ہے
 ہر شب وہ سیہ بوجھ کہ دل بیٹھ گیا ہے
 ہر صبح کی کو تیر سی سینے میں لگی ہے

Oh, this rooftop the sun
 Of your beauty will gild,
 From that corner its rays
 Red as henna will break,
 From this doorway your steps
 Like quicksilver gliding,
 By that pathway your skirt,
 A twilit sky, flowing!

Fevered days too
 I have known, separation's
 Pangs, when lament was
 Smothered in anguish,
 Each night's dark burden
 Crushing the breast,
 Each daybreak's arrow
 Piercing the soul.

10 From this roof the sun of your beauty will emerge,
 From that corner will break the henna-coloured ray,
 From this door will flow the quicksilver of your walk,
 On that path will flower the twilight of your dress.

15 Again, I have seen also those feverish days of separation
 When lament was forgotten in anxiety of heart and soul,
 Every night such a black load that the heart sank,
 Every morning's flame entered my breast like an arrow.

10 Is bām se niklegā tēre ḥusn kā khwushīd,
 Us kunj se phūtegī kīrn raṅg-e-hinā kī,
 Is dar se bahegā tērī raftār kā sīmāb,
 Us rāh pe phūlegī shafaq terī qabā kī.

15 Phir dekhe haiñ vo hijr ke tapte hū'e din bhi
 Jab fikr-e-dīl-o-jāñ meñ fughāñ bhūl-ga'ī hai,
 Har shab vo siya bojh ke dil baiṭh-gayā hai,
 Har ṣubḥ kī lau tir-sī sīne meñ lagī hai.

تنہائی میں کیا کیا نہ مجھے یاد کیا ہے
 کیا کیا نہ دل زار نے ڈھونڈی ہیں بیاہیں
 آنکھوں سے لگایا ہے کبھی دستِ صبا کو
 ڈالی ہیں کبھی گردنِ مہتاب میں باہیں

(۲)

چاہا ہے اسی رنگ میں لیلے وطن کو
 تڑپا ہے اسی طور سے دل اُس کی لگن میں
 ڈھونڈی ہے بوٹھی شوق نے آسائشِ منزل
 رخسار کے خم میں کبھی کاٹل کی شکن میں

Lonely, how many
 Ways I remembered you—
 Wretched, how many
 Refuges caught at,
 Pressing the wind's cool
 Hand on hot eyelids,
 Round the moon's cold neck
 Throwing these arms!

So I have loved that
 Mistress, my country,
 Heart no less ardent
 Beating for her:
 This love too a pilgrim,
 Seeking its haven
 Now in a curving cheek,
 Now a curled lock.

*In solitude what remembrances of you did I not have,
 What refuges did the sad heart not search for;
 Sometimes I laid on my eyes the hand of the morning-breeze,
 20 Sometimes I put my arms round the neck of the moon.*

*In the same fashion I have loved my darling country,
 In the same manner my heart has throbbed with devotion to her,
 In the same way my passion has sought for the easement of a
 resting-place
 In the curve of her cheek, sometimes in the curl of her ringlet;*

Tanhā'ī meñ kyā kyā na tujhe yād kiya hai,
 Kyā kyā na dil-e-zār-ne dhūñḍī haiñ panāheñ;
 Āñkhoñ se lagāyā hai kabhī dast-e-ṣabā ko,
 20 Ḍālī haiñ kabhī gardan-e-mahtāb meñ bāheñ.

Chāhā hai isī rañg meñ lailā-e-waṭan ko,
 Tarpā hai isī taur se dil uskī lagan meñ,
 Dhūñḍī hai yūñ-hī shauq-ne āsā'ish-e-manzil
 Rukhsār ke kham meñ, kabhī kākul kī shikan meñ;

اُس جانِ جہاں کو بھی یوں نہی قلب و نظر نے
 ہنس ہنس کے صدا دی، کبھی رو رو کے پکارا
 پورے کے عجب حرفِ تمنا کے تقاضے
 ہر درد کو اُجیا لا، ہر اک غم کو سنوارا
 واپس نہیں پھیرا کوئی فرمانِ جنوں کا
 تنہا نہیں لونی کبھی آوازِ جرس کی
 خیریتِ جانِ راحتِ تنِ صحتِ داماں
 سب بھول گئیں مصلحتیں اہلِ ہوس کی

To that sweetheart too
 Soul and flesh, every fibre,
 Have called out with laughter,
 Cried out with tears;
 No longing of hers,
 No summons unanswered,
 Her griefs all transmuted,
 Her sufferings made light;

Never devotion's
 Prompting unheeded,
 Never the trumpet
 Left to ring hollowly—
 Ease and indulgence,
 Worldly distinction,
 All the shrewd huckster's
 Counsels forgotten.

- 25 *In the same way to that sweetheart of the world my heart and eyes
Laughingly called, sometimes weepingly cried out.
All the demands of her words of longing I fulfilled,
I made bright each pain, assuaged every grief;
No bidding of ecstasy was ever rejected,*
- 30 *Never did the sound of the bell return alone;
Welfare in life, comfort of body, correctness of costume (respect-
ability),
All the advice of the people of ambition, were forgotten.*

- 25 *Us jān-e-jahān ko bhī yūn-hī qalb-o-naẓar-ne
Hañs-hañske ṣadā dī, kabhī ro-roke pukārā.
Pūre ki'e sab ḥarf-e-tamannā ke taqāḏe,
Har dard ko ujyālā, harēk ḡham ko sañwārā;
Wāpas nahīn pherā ko'ī farmān junūn kā,*
- 30 *Tanhā nahīn lauṭī kabhī āwāz jaras kī;
Khairiyat-e-jān, rāḥat-e-tan, ṣeḥḥat-e-dāmān,
Sab bhūl-ga'īn maṣlahateñ ahl-e-havas kī.*

اس راہ میں جو سب پہ گزرتی ہے وہ گزری
 تنہا پس زنداں، کبھی رُشوا سر بازار
 گزجے ہیں بہت شیخ سر گوشہ منبر
 کڑکے ہیں بہت اہل حکم بر سر دربار
 چھوڑا نہیں غیروں نے کوئی ناوک دشنام
 چھوٹی نہیں اپنوں سے کوئی طرز ملامت
 اس عشق، نہ اس عشق پہ نادیم ہے مگر دل
 ہر داغ ہے اس دل میں بہ جز داغِ ندامت

What others on that road
 Meet, I have met with:
 Prison-cell solitude,
 Marketplace calumny,
 Priestly anathemas
 Thundered from pulpits,
 Threats and revilings
 From places of power,

No barbed dart of insult
 By strangers omitted,
 No mode of upbraiding
 By near and dear spared.
 —My heart neither this love
 Nor that love repents;
 My heart that bears every
 Scar, but of shame.

*What befalls everyone on that road befell me,
 Solitary within the prison, sometimes dishonoured in the market-
 place;*

- 35 *The divines thundered a great deal from the pulpit corner,
 The men of authority roared a great deal in the audience-chamber,
 Strangers spared no arrow of calumny,
 No manner of reproach was left out by my own folk.
 But my heart feels shame neither for this love nor for that love;*
 40 *There is every scar on this heart except the scar of shame.*

- Is rāh men jo sab pē guzartī hai vo guzrī,
 Tanhā pas-e-zindān, kabhī ruswā sar-e-bāzār;
 35 Garje haiñ bahut shaikh sar-e-gosha-e-miñbar,
 Karke haiñ bahut ahl-e-ḥukm bar sar-e-darbār.
 Chhōṛā nahīñ ghairōñ-ne ko'ī nāvāk-e-dušnām,
 Chhūṭī nahīñ apnoñ se ko'ī ṭarz-e-malāmat.
 Is 'ishq na us 'ishq pē nādīm hai magar dīl;
 40 Har dāgh hai is dīl men bajuz dāgh-e-nadāmat.

اُن طلبہ کے نام

جو امن اور آزادی کی جہد و جہد میں کام آئے

یہ کون سخی ہیں
جن کے لہو کی
اشرفیاں، چھن چھن، چھن چھن
دھرتی کے پیہم پیاسے
کشکول میں ڈھلتی جاتی ہیں
کشکول کو بھرتی جاتی ہیں
یہ کون جواں ہیں ارضِ وطن
یہ لکھ لٹ

30. TO SOME FOREIGN STUDENTS

who gave their lives for peace and freedom

Who are they, these
Free givers whose blood-drops,
Jingling coins, go pouring
Into earth's ever-thirsty
Begging-bowl, pour and run,
Filling the bowl brim-full?
What are they, land of their birth, these young
Self-squanderers whose

TO THOSE STUDENTS

who perished in the struggle for peace and freedom

- 1 Who are these generous ones,
Of whose blood
The gold coins, clink, clink,
Into the earth's continually thirsty
5 Begging-bowl are running,
Are filling up the begging-bowl?
Who are these young men, oh native land (of theirs),
These spendthrifts

UN TALABA KE NĀM

jo aman aur āzādī kī jidd-o-jahd meñ kām ā'e

- 1 Ye kaun saḥī hain
Jin-ke lahū kī
Ashrafyāñ, chhan-chhan, chhan-chhan,
Dhartī ke paiham pyāse
5 Kashkol meñ ḍhaltī-jātī hain,
Kashkol ko bhartī-jātī hain?
Ye kaun jawāñ hain, arz-e-waṭan,
Ye lakhluṭ

جن کے جسموں کی
 بھرپور جوانی کا کندن
 یوں خاک میں ریزہ ریزہ ہے
 یوں کوچہ کوچہ بکھرا ہے
 اے ارض وطن اے ارض وطن
 کیوں نوح کے ہنس ہنس پھینک دئے
 ان آنکھوں نے اپنے نیلم
 ان ہونٹوں نے اپنے مرجاں
 ان ہاتھوں کی بے کل چاندی
 کس کام آئی؟ کس ہاتھ لگی؟

اے پوچھنے والے پردیسی!
 یہ طفل و جوان

Limbs' golden store
 Of surging youth
 Lies here in the dust, shattered—
 Lies strewn about street and alley?
 Oh land of their birth, oh land of their birth!
 How could those eyes that laughed tear out
 And toss their sapphire gems away,
 Those lips their coral?
 Who gained, who turned to profit,
 Those hands' quivering silver?
 Oh questioning stranger—
 These striplings, these young lives,

Of whose bodies
 10 The brimming youth's pure gold
 Is thus in fragments in the dust,
 Is thus scattered street by street,
 Oh (their) native land, oh native land?
 Why did they tear out, laughing, and throw away,
 15 These eyes their sapphires,
 These lips their coral?
 The restless silver of these hands,
 To what use did it come, into whose possession did it fall?
 Oh questioning foreigner,
 20 These boys and youths

Jin-ke jismon ki
 10 Bharpūr jawānī kā kundan
 Yūn khāk meñ reza reza hai,
 Yūn kūcha kūcha bikhrā hai,
 Ai arz-e-waṭan, ai arz-e-waṭan?
 Kyūn nochke hañs-hañs phaink-di'e
 15 In āñkhoñ-ne apne nīlam,
 In hoñṭoñ-ne apne marjāñ?
 In hāṭon kī be-kal chāñdī
 Kis kām ā'ī? kis hāt lagī?

Ai pūchhne-wāle padesī!
 20 Ye ṭifl o jawāñ

اُس نور کے نورس موتی ہیں
 اُس آگ کی کچی کلیاں ہیں
 جس میںٹھے نور اور کڑوی آگ
 سے ظلم کی اندھی رات میں پھوٹا
 صبح بغاوت کا گلشن
 اور صبح ہوئی من من، تن تن
 ان جسموں کا چاندی سونا
 ان چیزوں کے نیلم مہاں
 جگ جگ مگ، رخشاں رخشاں
 جو دیکھنا چاہے پردیسی
 پاس آئے دیکھے جی بھر کر
 یہ زینت کی رانی کا جھومر
 یہ امن کی دیوی کا کنگن

Are fresh-grown pearls of that light,
 New-budded shoots of that flame,
 Soft light and devouring flame,
 From which amid tyranny's dense night sprang
 The rosebed dawn of revolt,
 And dawn was in every nerve and soul.
 Their argent and golden flesh,
 Those coral and sapphire faces
 That gleam and shine there and gleam—
 Let the stranger who would see
 Stand close, gaze long!
 They are the jewelry of the queen of life,
 They are the diadem of the goddess of peace.

Are fresh pearls of that light,
 Are new-grown buds of that fire,
 From which sweet light and hot fire
 In the dark night of tyranny there burst forth
 25 The garden of the dawn of rebellion,
 And there was dawn in every mind and body.
 The silver and gold of these bodies,
 The sapphire and coral of these faces,
 Glittering, glittering, shining, shining—
 30 The foreigner who wishes to see,
 Let him come close and look his fill:
 These are the ornament of the queen of life,
 These are the bracelet of the goddess of peace.

Us nūr ke nauras motī haiñ,
 Us āg kī kachchī kalyāñ haiñ,
 Jis mīthe nūr aur karvī āg
 Se zulm kī āndhī rāt meñ phūṭā
 25 Ṣubḥ-e-baghāwat kā gulshan,
 Aur ṣubḥ hū'ī man man, tan tan.
 In jismon kī chāñdī sonā,
 In chēhron ke nīlam marjāñ,
 Jag-mag jag-mag, rakhshāñ rakhshāñ,
 30 Jo dekhñā chāhe pardesī
 Pās ā'e dekhe jī bharkar:
 Ye zīst kī rāñī kī jhūmar,
 Ye amn kī devī kī kañgan.

اگست ۱۹۵۲

روشن کہیں بہار کے امکان ہوئے تو ہیں
 گلشن میں چاک چند گریباں ہوئے تو ہیں
 اب بھی خزاں کا راج ہے لیکن کہیں کہیں
 گوشے رہ چمن میں غزل خواں ہوئے تو ہیں
 ٹھہری ہوئی ہے شب کی سیاہی وہیں مگر
 کچھ کچھ سحر کے رنگ پر افشاں ہوئے تو ہیں

31. AUGUST 1952

At last half-promise of a spring has come—
 Some flowers tear open their green cloaks and bloom,

And here and there some garden nooks begin
 Their warblings, and defy the wintry gloom.

Night's shadows hold their ground, but some faint streaks
 Of day show, spreading each a rosy plume;

AUGUST 1952

- 1 Evident at last have become possibilities of spring,
 In the flower-garden a few mantles have been torn;
 It is still the reign of autumn, but here and there
 Corners in the garden path have become song-uttering.
- 5 Night's darkness has remained in the same place, but
 A few colours of morning have become feather-scattering.

AUGUST 1952

- 1 Raushan kahīn bahār ke imkān hū'e to haiñ,
 Gulshan meñ chāk chañd giribāñ hū'e to haiñ;
 Ab bhī khazān kā rāj hai, lekin kahīn kahīn
 Goshe rah-e-chaman meñ ghazal-khwān hū'e to haiñ.
- 5 Thahrī hū'ī hai shab kī siyāhī wahīñ, magar
 Kuchh kuchh sahar ke rang par-afshāñ hū'e to haiñ.

ان میں لو جلا ہو ہمارا، کہ جان و دل
 محفل میں کچھ چراغِ فروزاں ہوئے تو ہیں
 ہاں کج کرو گلاہ کہ سب کچھ ٹٹا کے ہم
 اب بے نیازِ گردشِ دوراں ہوئے تو ہیں
 اہلِ قفس کی صبحِ چمن میں کھلے گی آنکھ
 بادِ صبا سے وعدہ و پیمان ہوئے تو ہیں
 ہے دشت اب بھی دشت، مگر خونِ پائے فیض
 سیراب چند خارِ مُغیلاں ہوئے تو ہیں

And in the gathering, even if our own blood
 Or breath must feed them, a few lamps light the room.

Tilt your proud cap! for we, the world well lost,
 Never need fear what comes from Heaven's grand loom.

Caged eyes will open when dawn fills the garden:
 Dawn's breeze they have had pledge and promise from.

Desert still desert, Faiz—but bleeding feet
 Have saved some thorns at least from its dry tomb.

Though in them our blood be burned, or our life and heart,
 In the assembly some lamps have been lighted.
 Yes, tilt your cap, for we, having thrown away everything,
 10 Now have become independent of the time's revolutions.
 The caged race's eye will open in the garden morning,
 With the morning breeze there have been promise and pledge.
 Desert is even now desert, but with the blood of the feet, Faiz,
 Some mimosa-thorns have been watered.

Maḥfil meñ kuchh charāgh furozāñ hū'e to haiñ.
 Hāñ kaj karo kulāh kē sab kuchh luṭāke ham
 10 Ab be-nayāz-e-gardish-e-daurāñ hū'e to haiñ.
 Ahl-e-qafas kī ṣubḥ-e-chaman meñ khulegī āñkh,
 Bād-e-ṣabā se va'da-o-paimāñ hū'e to haiñ.
 Hai dasht ab bhī dasht, magar khūñ-e-pā se, Faiz,
 Serāb chañd khār-e-mughilāñ hū'e to haiñ.

نِشَار میں تیری گلیوں کے....

نِشَار میں تیری گلیوں کے اے وطن کہ جہاں
چلی ہے رشم کہ کوئی نہ سر اٹھا کے چلے
جو کوئی چاہنے والا طواف کو نکلے
نظر چرا کے چلے بچشم و جاں بچا کے چلے
ہے اہل دل کے لئے اب یہ نظم بست و کشاد
کہ سنگ و خشت مُقید ہیں اور سنگ آزاد

32. BURY ME UNDER YOUR PAVEMENTS

Bury me, oh my country, under your pavements,
Where no man now dare walk with head held high,
Where your true lovers bringing you their homage
Must go in furtive fear of life or limb;
For new-style law and order are in use,
Good men learn,—'Stones locked up, and dogs turned loose'.

MAY I BE A SACRIFICE TO YOUR STREETS

- 1 May I be a sacrifice to your streets, oh fatherland, where
It has become custom that no-one shall go with head lifted,
And that any lover who comes out on pilgrimage
Must go with furtive looks, go in fear of body and life;
- 5 Applied to the people of heart now there is this method of
administration,
That stones and bricks are locked up, and dogs free.

NIŠĀR MAIN TĒRĪ GALYON KE

- 1 Nišār main tērī galyon ke, ai waṭan, kē jahān
Chalī hai rasm kē ko'ī na sar uṭhāke chale,
Jo ko'ī chāhne-wālā ṭawāf ko nikle
Nazar churāke chale, jism-o-jān bachāke chale;
- 5 Hai ahl-i-dil ke liye ab ye naẓm-e-bast-o-kushād,
Kē saṅg o khisht muqaiyad hai aur sag āzād.

بہت ہے ظلم کے دہشت بہانہ جو کے لئے
جو چند اہل بخنوں تیرے نام لیوا ہیں
سنے ہیں اہل ہوش مدعی بھی منصف بھی
کسے وکیل کریں، کس سے منصفی چاہیں

مگر گزارنے والوں کے دن گزرتے ہیں
ترے فراق میں یوں صبح و شام کرتے ہیں
بُجھا جو روزِ زنداں تو دل یہ سمجھا ہے
کہ تیری مانگ ستاروں سے بھر گئی ہوگی
چمک اٹھے ہیں سلاسل تو ہم نے جانا ہے
کہ اب سحر ترے رخ پر بکھر گئی ہوگی

غرض تصورِ شام و سحر میں جیتے ہیں
گرفتِ سایہ دیوار و در میں جیتے ہیں

Your name still cried by a rash zealot few
Inflames the itching hand of tyranny;
Villains are judges and usurpers both—
Who is our advocate, where shall we seek justice?
But all hours man must spend are somehow spent;
How do we pass these days of banishment?

When my cell's window-slit grows dim, I seem
To see your hair spangled with starry tinsel;
When chains grow once more visible, I think
I see your face sprinkled with dawn's first rays;
In fantasies of the changing hours we live,
Held fast by shadowy gates and towers we live.

It is enough for tyranny's pretext-seeking hand
If a few enthusiasts call on your name;
The men of ambition have become both prosecutor and judge:
10 Whom are we to make our advocate, from whom are we to desire
justice?
But the days of those who are to pass them do pass;
In separation from you they spend their mornings-and-evenings
thus.
When the prison grating has grown dark, my heart has believed
That your hair-parting must have been filled with stars;
15 When the chains have shone out, I have thought
That now daybreak must have been scattered over your face.
In short I live in fancies of evening and morning,
I live in the grasp of the shadow of wall and gate.

Bahut hai zulm ke dast-e-bahāna-jū ke liye
Jo chand ahl-e-junūn tere nām-levā haiñ;
Bane haiñ ahl-e-havas mudda'ī bhī, munṣif bhī:
10 Kise vakīl karen, kis-se munṣifi chāheñ?
Magar guzārne-wālon ke din guzarte haiñ,
Tere firāq meñ yūn ṣubḥ-o-shām karte haiñ.
Bujhā jo rauzan-e-zindān to dil ye samjhā hai
Kē terī māng sitāron se bhar-ga'ī hogī;
15 Chamak-uṭhe haiñ salāsil to ham-ne jānā hai
Kē ab sahar tere rukh par bikhar-ga'ī hogī.
Gharāz taṣawwur-e-shām-o-sahar meñ jīte haiñ,
Girift-e-sāya-e-dīwār-o-dar meñ jīte haiñ.

یونہی ہمیشہ اُلجھتی رہی ہے ظلم سے خلق
 نہ اُن کی رسم نئی ہے، نہ اپنی ریت نئی
 یونہی ہمیشہ کھلائے ہیں ہم نے آگ میں پھول
 نہ اُن کی ہار نئی ہے نہ اپنی جیت نئی

اسی سبب سے فلک کا گلا نہیں کرتے
 ترے فراق میں ہم دل بُرا نہیں کرتے
 گر آج تجھ سے جدا ہیں تو کل ہم ہوں گے
 یہ رات بھر کی خدائی تو کوئی بات نہیں
 گر آج آج پہ ہے طالعِ رقیب تو کیا
 یہ چار دن کی خدائی تو کوئی بات نہیں
 جو تجھ سے عہدِ وفا اُستوار رکھتے ہیں
 علاجِ گردِش لیل و نہار رکھتے ہیں

This war is old of tyrants and mankind:
 Their ways not new, nor ours; the fires they kindle
 To scorch us, age by age we turn to flowers;
 Not new our triumph, not new their defeat.
 Against fate therefore we make no complaint,
 Our hearts though exiled from you do not faint.

Parted today, tomorrow we shall meet—
 And what is one short night of separation?
 Today our enemies' star is at its zenith—
 But what is their brief week of playing God?
 Those who keep firm their vows to you are proof
 Against the whirling hours, time's warp and woof.

- In this same way tyranny and mankind have always been at odds:
 20 Their (the tyrants') ways are not new, nor is our fashion new;
 In this same way we have always made flowers blossom in the fire;
 Their defeat is not new, nor is our victory new.
 For this reason I do not make complaint against my fate,
 In separation from you I do not let my heart sink.
 25 If today I am separated from you, tomorrow we shall be together,
 This separation of one night is nothing;
 If today the rival's fortune is at the summit, what of it?
 This godhood of four days is nothing.
 Those who keep firm their vow of fidelity to you
 30 Possess the remedy against the revolutions of night and day.

- Yūn-hī hamesha ulajhtī-rahī hai zulm se khalq,
 20 Na unkī rasm na'ī hai, na apnī rīt na'ī;
 Yūn-hī hamesha khilā'e haiñ ham-ne āg meñ phūl,
 Na unkī hār na'ī hai, na apnī jīt na'ī.
 Isī sabab se falak kā gilā nahīñ karte,
 Tēre firāq meñ ham dil burā nahīñ karte.
 25 Gar āj tujh-se judā haiñ to kal baham hoñge,
 Ye rāt bhar kī judā'ī to ko'ī bāt nahīñ;
 Gar āj auj pē hai ṭālī'-e-raqīb to kyā,
 Ye chār dīn kī khudā'ī to ko'ī bāt nahīñ.
 Jo tujh-se 'ahd-e-wafā ustuwār rakhte haiñ
 30 'ilāj-e-gardish-e-lail-o-nahār rakhte haiñ.

زندہاں کی ایک شام

شام کے پیچ و خم ستاروں سے
 زینہ زینہ اتر رہی ہے رات
 یوں صبا پاس سے گزرتی ہے
 جیسے کہہ دی کسی نے پیار کی بات
 صحن زندہاں کے بے وطن اشجار
 سرنگوں، محو ہیں بنانے میں
 دامن آسماں پہ نقش و نگار
 شانہ بام پر دمکتا ہے
 مہرباں چاندنی کا دست جمیل

33. A PRISON NIGHTFALL

Step by step by its twisted stairway
 Of constellations, night descends;
 Close, as close as a voice that whispers
 Tenderesses, a breeze drifts by;
 Trees of the prison courtyard, exiles
 With drooping head, are lost in brodering
 Arabesques on the skirt of heaven.

Graciously on that roof's high crest
 The moonlight's exquisite fingers gleam;

A PRISON EVENING

- 1 By evening's devious stars
 Rung by rung night is coming down;
 A breeze passes close by,
 As if someone has spoken a word of love;
 5 In the prison yard trees, with no native land,
 Head drooping, are absorbed in making
 On the skirt of heaven images and pictures;
 On the crest of the roof is glittering
 The beautiful hand of the gracious moonlight;

ZINDĀN KĪ EK SHĀM

- 1 Shām ke pech-o-kham sitāron se
 Zina zina utar-rahī hai rāt;
 Yūn ṣabā pās se guzartī hai
 Jaise kah-dī kisī-ne pyār kī bāt;
 5 Ṣaḥn-e-zindān ke be-waṭan ashjār
 Sar-nigūn maḥv haiṅ banāne meṅ
 Dāman-e-āsmān pē naqsh-o-nigār;
 Shāna-e-bām par damaktā hai
 Mēhrbān chāndnī kā dast-e-jamīl;

خاک میں گھل گئی ہے آبِ نجوم
 نور میں گھل گیا ہے عرش کا نیل
 سبز گوشوں میں نیلگوں سائے
 لہلہاتے ہیں جس طرح دل میں
 موجِ دردِ فراقِ یار آئے

دل سے پیہم خیال کہتا ہے
 اتنی شیریں ہے زندگی اس پل
 ظلم کا زہر گھونٹنے والے
 کامراں ہو سکیں گے آج نہ کل
 جلوہ گاہِ وصال کی شمعیں
 وہ بجھا بھی چکے اگر تو کیا
 چاند کو گل کریں تو ہم جانیں

Star-lustre swallowed into the dust,
 Sky-azure blanched into one white glow,
 Green nooks filling with deep-blue shadows,
 Waveringly, like separation's
 Bitterness eddying into the mind.

One thought keeps running in my heart—
 Such nectar life is at this instant,
 Those who mix the tyrants' poisons
 Can never, now or tomorrow, win.
 What if they put the candles out
 That light love's throneroom? let them put out
 The moon, then we shall know their power.

- 10 *The sheen of the stars has dissolved into the dust,
 The blue of the sky has dissolved into light,
 In green corners dark-blue shadows
 Waver, as if into the heart
 A ripple of pain for separation from the loved one were coming.*
- 15 *A thought continually says to my heart:
 Life is so sweet this moment,
 The mixers of tyranny's poison
 Will not be able to be successful today nor tomorrow.
 The lamps of the bridal-chamber of union,*
- 20 *Even if they have put them out, what then?
 Were they to extinguish the moon, then we should acknowledge them.*

10 *Khāk men ghul-ga'i hai āb-e-najūm,
 Nūr men ghul-gayā hai 'arsh kā nīl,
 Sabz goshon men nīlgūn sā'e
 Lahlahāte haiñ, jis tarah dīl men
 Mauj-e-dard-e-firāq-e-yār ā'e.*

- 15 *Dīl se paiham khayāl kahtā hai
 Itnī shirīñ hai zindagī is pal
 Zulm kā zahr gholne-wāle
 Kāmrāñ ho-sakeñge āj na kal.
 Jalwagāh-e-ṣaṣāl kī sham'eñ*
- 20 *Vo bujhā bhī chuke agar, to kyā?
 Chāñd ko gul karen to ham jāneñ.*

زندہاں کی ایک صبح

رات باقی تھی ابھی جب سر بالیں اگر
چاند نے مجھ سے کہا "جاگ! سحر آئی ہے"
جاگ! اس شب جوئے خواب تیرا حصہ تھی
جام کے لب سے تر جام اتر آئی ہے
عکسِ جاناں کو ودع کر کے اٹھی میری نظر
شب کے ٹھہرے ہوئے پانی کی سیہ چادر پر
جا بجا رقص میں آنے لگے چاندی کے بھنور
چاند کے ہاتھ سے تاروں کے کنول گر گر کر
ڈوبتے، تیرتے، مڑھاتے رہے، کھلتے رہے
رات اور صبح بہت دیر گلے ملتے رہے

34. A PRISON DAYBREAK

It was still dark, when standing by my pillow
The moon said to me 'Waken, dawn is here:
The share poured for you of this night's wine of sleep
Has sunk from brim to bottom of the cup.'
—I took farewell of my love's image, and gazed
Out over the dim coverlet of the night's
Slow-ebbing flood, where here and there a dance
Of argent ripples flickered, while the stars,
Like lotus-petals fallen from the moon's hand,
Came sinking, floating, fading, opening out;
Daybreak and night lay long in each other's arms.

A PRISON DAYBREAK

- 1 There was night still remaining when coming beside my pillow
The moon said to me 'Waken, morning has come;
Waken! the wine of sleep that was your portion this night
Has sunk from the lip of the cup to the bottom of the cup.'
- 5 Taking leave of the image of my sweetheart I lifted my glance
To the black coverlet of the night's lingering flood:
Here and there whirlpools of silver began to come in a dance;
From the moon's hand lotuses of stars falling, falling,
Sinking, swimming, kept fading, kept opening;
- 10 Night and dawn for a long time were embracing.

ZINDĀN KĪ EK ṢUBĤ

- 1 Rāt bāqī thī abhī jab sar-e-bālīn ākar
Chānd-ne mujh-se kahā 'Jāg! sahar ā'ī hai;
Jāg! is shab jo mai-e-khwāb tērā hissa thī
Jām ke lab se tah-e-jām utar-ā'ī hai.'
- 5 'aks-e-jānān ko vida' karke ūthī merī nazar
Shab ke ṭahre hū'e pānī kī siya chādar par:
Jā-ba-jā raqṣ meñ āne-lage chāndī ke bhañwar;
Chānd ke hāth se tāron ke kañval gir-girkar
Ḍūbte, tairte, murjhāte-rahe, khilte-rahe,
- 10 Rāt aur ṣubḥ bahut der gale milte-rahe.

صحنِ زنداں میں رفیقوں کے سنہرے چہرے
 سطحِ ظلمت سے دمکتے ہوئے ابھرے کم کم
 نیند کی اوس نے اُن چہروں سے دھوڑا لٹھا
 دیس کا درد، فراقِ رُخِ محبوب کا غم
 دُورِ نوبت ہوئی، پھرنے لگے بیزارِ قدم
 زرد، فاقوں کے ستارے ہوئے پہرے والے
 اہلِ زنداں کے غضبِ ناک، خروشِ نالے
 جن کی باہوں میں پھر کرتے ہیں باہیں ڈالے
 لذتِ خواب سے مغمور ہوائیں جاگیں
 جیل کی زہر بھری چوڑ، صدائیں جاگیں

Golden in the jail-yard my comrades' features
 Slowly emerging, a glow against the darkness,
 Washed clean by oblivion's dews of brooding grief
 For loved face lost, or care for native land;—
 A far-off drum sounding, a shuffle of feet
 Of pallid famished guards starting their rounds,
 And arm in arm and on and on with them
 The angry din of prisoner and complaint.
 Light winds still drunk with dream-delights are stirring;
 With them, ghostly, a prison's bodeful noises:

In the prison yard the golden faces of comrades,
 Shining out from the surface of darkness, grew little by little;
 The dew of sleep had washed away from those faces
 Grief for country, pain of separation from the face of the beloved.
 15 Far off there has been a drum, feeble steps have begun to move
 about;
 Yellow, oppressed with hunger, the sentinels—
 With whom the frightful, resounding laments of the people of the
 prison
 Arm in arm keep moving about.
 Breezes drunk with the pleasure of sleep have awakened,
 20 The jail's poison-filled, broken sounds have awakened:

Ṣaḥn-e-zīndān meñ rafīqoñ ke sunahre chēhre
 Saṭ'ḥ-e-ẓulmat se damakte hū'e ubhre kam kam;
 Nīnd kī os-ne un chēhroñ se dho-dālā thā
 Des kā dard, firāq-e-ruḵh-e-maḥbūb kā ḡham.
 15 Dūr naubat hū'ī, phirne-lage bezār qadam,
 Zard, fāqoñ ke satā'e hū'e pahre-wāle:
 Ahl-e-zīndān ke ḡhaẓabnāk, kharoshān nāle
 Jin-kī bāhoñ meñ phirā-karte hain bāheñ ḡāle.
 Lazzat-e-khwāb se makhmūr hawā'en jāgīñ,
 20 Jel kī zahr-bharī, chūr, ṣadā'en jāgīñ.

دُور دروازہ کھلا کوئی، کوئی بند ہوا
 دُور مچلی کوئی زنجیر، مچل کے روئی
 دُور اُترا کسی تالے کے جگر میں خنجر
 سر پٹکنے لگا رہ رہ کے دریچہ کوئی
 گویا پھر خواب سے بیدار ہوئے دشمن جاں
 سنگ و فولاد سے ڈھالے ہوئے بختِ گراں
 جن کے چنگل میں شب و روز ہیں فریادِ گناں
 میرے بے کار شب و روز کی نازک پریاں
 اپنے شہ پور کی راہ دیکھ رہی ہیں یہ اسیر
 جس کے ترکش میں ہیں اُمید کے جلتے ہوئے تیر

A distant door opens, another shuts,
 A distant chain scrapes sullenly, scrapes and sobs,
 Far off a dagger plunges in some lock's vitals,
 A shutter rattles, rattles, beating its head.

My mortal foes have risen again from sleep,
 Grim monsters welded out of stone and steel,
 Fast in whose talons daylong and nightlong wail
 Those gossamer spirits, my empty nights and days,
 Captives watching and waiting for their prince
 Whose quiver holds the burning arrows of hope.

Far away some door has opened, some other has closed,
 Far away some chain has grumbled, and after grumbling w
 Far away a dagger has sunk into some lock's liver,
 Some window has begun to bang its head again and again;—
 25 As if the enemies of life have roused again from sleep,
 Heavy demons cast from stone and steel,
 In whose grasp are making lament night and day
 The delicate fairies of my useless nights and days;
 These prisoners are watching for their prince,
 30 In whose quiver are hope's burning arrows.

Dūr darwāza khulā ko'ī, ko'ī bañd hū'ā,
 Dūr machlī ko'ī zanjīr, machalke ro'ī,
 Dūr utarā kisī tāle ke jigar meñ khanjar,
 Sar paṭakne-lagā rah-rahke darīcha ko'ī;—
 25 Goyā phir khwāb se bedār hū'e dushman-e-jāñ,
 Sang o faulād se ḡhāle hū'e jinnāt-e-girāñ,
 Jinke chuñgal meñ shab-o-roz haiñ faryād-kunāñ
 Mere be-kār shab-o-roz kī nāzuk paryāñ;
 Apne shahpūr kī rāh dekh-rahī haiñ ye asīr
 30 Jiske tarkash meñ haiñ ummed ke jalte hū'e tīr.

زندان نامہ

PRISON THOUGHTS

PRISON THOUGHTS

ZINDĀN-NĀMA

اے روشنیوں کے شہر

بستہ بستہ سوکھ رہی ہے پھیلکی زرد دوپہر
دیواروں کو چاٹ رہا ہے تنہائی کا زہر
دور افق تک گھٹتی، بڑھتی، اٹھتی، گرتی شہتی ہے
کھر کی صورت بے رونق دزدوں کی گدلی لہر
بسا ہے اس کھر کے پیچھے روشنیوں کا شہر

اے روشنیوں کے شہر
کون کے کس سمت ہے تیری روشنیوں کی راہ
ہر جانب بے نور کھڑی ہے ہجر کی شہر پناہ
تھک کر ہر سو بیٹھ رہی ہے شوق کی ماند سپاہ

35. OH CITY OF MANY LIGHTS

Listless and wan, green patch by patch, noonday dries up;
Pale solitude with venomous tongue licks at these walls;
Far as the skyline, like a fog, an oozy tide
Of blockish misery swells and shrinks, heaves up and falls.

Beyond that fog the lights of my thronged city lie.

Oh city of many lights!—

Who could make out what way from here your lights
are? Dark

As a town's ramparts isolation hems me in,
And war-worn hope's faint soldiery droops on every side.

OH CITY OF LIGHTS

- 1 Greenery by greenery, the pallid yellow noon is withering,
The poison of solitude is licking the walls;
Far away to the horizon keeps dwindling, swelling, rising, sinking,
Like a mist, the turbid wave of unlovely pains.
- 5 Behind this mist the city of lights is situated;
Oh city of lights,
Who could say in what direction is the road to your lights?
On every side stand the unlit city-walls of banishment:
Weary, in every direction, the exhausted army of ardour is sitting.

AI RAUSHNIYON KE SHAHR

- 1 Sabza sabza sūkh-rahī hai phīkī zard do-pahr,
Dīwārōn ko chāṭ-rahā hai tanhā'ī kā zahr;
Dūr ufaq tak ghaṭṭī, barḥtī, uṭhṭī, girtī-rahtī hai
Kuhr kī šūrat be-raunaq dardōn kī gadlī lahr.
- 5 Bastā hai is kuhr ke pīchhe raushniyōn kā shahr;
Ai raushniyōn ke shahr,
Kaun kahe kis simt hai terī raushniyōn kī rāh?
Har jānīb be-nūr kharī hai hijr kī shahr-panāh:
Thakkar har sū baiṭh-rahī hai shauq kī mānd sipāh.

آج مراد دل فکر میں ہے
 اے روشنیوں کے شہر
 شبِ خوں سے مُنہ پھیر نہ جائے اُردانوں کی رو
 خیر ہو تیری لیلّاؤں کی، ان سب سے کہہ دو
 آج کی شب جب دیئے جلا لیں اُوپچی رکھیں لو

Today doubt fills my soul.
 Oh city of many lights,
 Let hope's armed ranks not turn from their night-marching
 yet!
 Fortune befriend your loving hearts; say to them all—
 This evening, when the lamps are lit, turn the wick high.

- 10 Today my heart is in anxiety;
 Oh city of lights,
 May the torrent of aspirations not turn its face away from the
 night-attack!
 May it be well with your sweethearts; say to them all,
 This evening when they light the lamps let them turn the flame high.

- 10 Āj mērā dil fikr men hai;
 Ai raushniyon ke shahr,
 Shabkhūn se muñh pher na jā'e armānoñ kī rau.
Khair ho terī lailāoñ kī, in sab se kah-do
 Āj kī shab jab diye jalā'en ūñchī rakkheñ lau.

دریچے

گڑی ہیں کتنی صلیبیں مرے دریچے میں
ہر ایک اپنے مسیحا کے ٹوں کا رنگ لیے
ہر ایک وصلِ خداوند کی اُمنگ لیے

کسی پہ کرتے ہیں ابر بہار کو قرباں
کسی پہ قتلِ مہِ تابِ ناک کرتے ہیں
کسی پہ ہوتی ہے سرمستِ شاخصارِ دو نیم
کسی پہ بادِ صبا کو ہلاک کرتے ہیں

36. THE WINDOW

In my barred window is hung many a cross,
Each coloured with the blood of its own Christ,
Each craving to hug tight a divine form.

On one the heaven's spring cloud is sacrificed,
On one the radiant moon is crucified,
On one is torn asunder the trance-filled grove,
And on another the delicate breeze has died.

THE WINDOW

- 1 In my window how many crosses are fixed,
Each with the colour of the blood of its Messiah,
Each with the hope of union with its Lord.
On one they make sacrifice of the spring cloud,
- 5 On one they murder the bright moon,
On one the rapt park is cut in two,
On one they put to death the morning breeze.

DARĪCHA

- 1 Gartī haiṅ kitnī ṣalībēṅ mēre darīche meṅ,
Harek apne masihā ke khūn kā raṅg liye,
Harek vaṣl-e-khudāwaṇd kī umaṅg liye.
Kisī pē karte haiṅ abr-e-bahār ko qurbān,
- 5 Kisī pē qatl mah-e-tābnāk karte haiṅ,
Kisī pē hotī hai sarmast shāḥsār do nīm,
Kisī pē bād-e-ṣabā ko halāk karte haiṅ.

ہر آئے دن یہ خداوندگانِ مہر و جمال
 لہو میں غرقِ مرے غم کدے میں آتے ہیں
 اور آئے دن ہری نظروں کے سامنے اُن کے
 شہیدِ جسمِ سلامت اُٹھائے جاتے ہیں

Daily these kind and beautiful godlike things
 Come weltering in their blood to my bitter cell;
 And day by day before my watching eyes
 Their martyred bodies are raised up and made well.

*Each day that comes these deities of kindness and beauty
 Drowned in blood come into my house of grief,
 10 And daily before my eyes their
 Martyr-bodies are lifted up, healed.*

Har ā'e din ye khudāwandgān-e-mehr-o-jamāl
 Lahū meñ gharq mēre gham-kade meñ āte haiñ,
 10 Aur ā'e din mērī nazroñ ke sāmne unke
 Shahīd jism salāmat uṭhā'e-jāte haiñ.

آجاؤ افریقا!

آجاؤ، میں نے سُن لی ترے ڈھول کی ترنگ
آجاؤ، مست ہو گئی میرے لہو کی تال
”آجاؤ افریقا“

آجاؤ، میں نے دُھول سے ماتھا اٹھا لیا
آجاؤ، میں نے پھیل دی آنکھوں سے غم کی چھال
آجاؤ، میں نے درد سے بازو چھڑا لیا
آجاؤ، میں نے نوچ دیا بے کسی کا جال
”آجاؤ افریقا“

37. 'AFRICA, COME BACK'

I have caught the madness of your drum,
My wild blood beats and throbs with it—come,
Africa, come!

Come, from the dust I have raised my head,
Torn misery's bandage from my face,
Wrenched my arm free from pain's grip, cut
My way through the web of helplessness—
Africa, come!

'COME, AFRICA!'

- 1 Come, I have heard the ecstasy of your drum—
Come, the beating of my blood has become mad—
'Come, Africa!'
- 5 Come, I have lifted my forehead from the dust—
Come, I have scraped from my eyes the skin of grief—
Come, I have released my arm from pain—
Come, I have clawed through the snare of helplessness—
'Come, Africa!'

Ā-JĀO AIFRĪQĀ!

- 1 Ā-jāo, main-ne sun-lī tēre dhol kī taraṅg,
Ā-jāo, mast ho-ga'ī mere lahū kī tāl—
'Ā-jāo, Aifrīqā!'
- 5 Ā-jāo, main-ne dhūl se māthā uthā-liyā,
Ā-jāo, main-ne chhīl-dī ānkhon se gham kī chhāl,
Ā-jāo, main-ne dard se bāzū chhurā-liyā,
Ā-jāo, main-ne noch-diyā be-kasī kā jāl—
'Ā-jāo, Aifrīqā!'

پنچے میں ہتھکڑی کی کڑی بن گئی ہے گرز
 گزدن کا طوق توڑ کے ڈھالی ہے میں نے ڈھال
 ”آجاؤ ایفریقا“

جلتے ہیں ہر کچھار میں بھالوں کے مرگ نین
 دشمن لہو سے رات کی کالک ہوئی ہے لال
 ”آجاؤ ایفریقا“

دھڑکتی دھڑک رہی ہے مرے ساتھ ایفریقا
 دریا تھک رہا ہے تو بن دے رہا ہے تال
 میں ایفریقا ہوں، دھار لیا میں نے تیرا روپ
 میں تو ہوں، میری چال ہے تیری ببر کی چال
 ”آجاؤ ایفریقا“

آؤ ببر کی چال
 ”آجاؤ ایفریقا“

The shattered manacle is my mace,
 From the broken fetter I forge my shield—
 Africa, come!
 Spears burn like gazelles' eyes through the reeds,
 With enemy blood night's shades turn red—
 Africa, come!

The earth's heart, Africa, beats with mine,
 The river dances, the woods keep time;
 I am Africa, I put on your mask,
 I am you, my step is your lion tread,
 Africa—come,
 Come with your lion-tread,
 Africa, come!

In my grasp a link of the manacle has become a mace,
 10 I have broken the iron-collar on my neck and moulded it into a
 shield—

'Come, Africa!'
 On every riverside burn the deer-eyes of spears,
 With enemy blood the blackness of night has turned red,
 'Come, Africa!'

15 The earth is throbbing along with me, Africa,
 The river dances and the forest beats time;
 I am Africa, I have taken your figure,
 I am you, my walk is your lion walk:
 'Come, Africa!'

20 Come with lion walk—
 'Come, Africa!'

Panje meñ hathkaṛī kī kaṛī ban-ga'ī hai gurz,
 10 Gardan kā ṭauq torke ḍhālī hai main-ne ḍhāl—
 'Ā-jāo, Aifriqā!'
 Jalte haiñ har kachhār meñ bhāloñ ke mirg-nain,
 Dushman lahū se rāt kī kālak hū'ī hai lāl—
 'Ā-jāo, Aifriqā!'

15 Dhartī dharak-rahī hai mēre sāth, Aifriqā,
 Daryā thirak-rahā hai to ban de-rahā hai tāl:
 Main Aifriqā hūñ, dhār-liyā main-ne terā rūp,
 Main tū hūñ, merī chāl hai terī babar kī chāl:
 'Ā-jāo, Aifriqā!'

20 Ao babar kī chāl—
 'Ā-jāo, Aifriqā!'

فیصل اُمیدوں کی ہمدم

سب کاٹ دو
بسمیل پودوں کو
بے آب سسکتے مت چھوڑو
سب نوچ لو
بے کل پھولوں کو
شاخوں پہ پٹکتے مت چھوڑو
یہ فیصل اُمیدوں کی ہمدم
اس بار بھی غارت جائے گی
سب محنت صُبحوں شاموں کی
اب کے بھی اکارت جائے گی

38. THIS HARVEST OF HOPES

Cut them all down, these crippled plants,
Not leave them to their last parched distress!
Tear off from the spray these twisted blooms,
Not leave them to hang in wretchedness!

This harvest of smiling hopes, my friend,
Is doomed to be blighted once again:
Those labours that fill your days and nights
Are doomed to be this time too in vain.

THIS HARVEST OF HOPES, COMPANION

- 1 Cut down all
The wounded plants,
Do not leave them without water, at their last gasp;
Tear away all
- 5 The writhing flowers,
Do not leave them pining on the boughs.
This harvest of hopes, companion,
This time too will go to ruin,
All the toil of mornings and evenings
- 10 Now too will prove worthless.

YE FAṢL UMEDON KĪ, HAMDAM

- 1 Sab kāt-do
Bismil paudoṅ ko,
Be-āb sisakte mat chhoṛo;
Sab noch-lo
- 5 Be-kal phūloṅ ko,
Shākhon pē bilakte mat chhoṛo.
Ye faṣl umedon kī, hamdam,
Is bār bhī ghārat jā'egī,
Sab mēhnat ṣubhoṅ shāmon kī
- 10 Abke bhī akārat jā'egī.

کھیتی کے کونوں کھدروں میں
 پھر اپنے لہو کی کھاد بھرو
 پھر مٹی سیچو اشکوں سے
 پھر اگلی رت کی فکر کرو
 پھر اگلی رت کی فکر کرو
 جب پھر اک بار اُجڑنا ہے
 اک فصل پکی تو بھر پایا
 جب تک تو یہی کچھ کرنا ہے

But once more feed with your blood dry clods
 In crannies and corners about the field,
 Moisten them with your tears afresh,
 Then think of the coming season's yield—

Yes, think of the coming season's yield,
 When ruin will once more strike these lands. . . .
 Some day a ripe harvest shall be ours;
 Till that day, we must plough the sands.

*In holes and corners of the ploughland
 Once more pour the fertiliser of your blood,
 Once more water the earth with tears;
 Once more take thought for the next season,
 15 Once more take thought for the next season,
 When once more it must come to ruin.
 One harvest ripened, we shall have satisfaction,
 Until which time we must go on doing the same thing.*

Kheti ke konoñ-khudron meñ
 Phir apne lahū kī khād bharo,
 Phir mittī sīncho ashkon se;
 Phir aglī rut kī fikr karo,
 15 Phir aglī rut kī fikr karo,
 Jab phir ěk bār ujarnā hai.
 Ėk faṣl pakī to bhar-pāyā,
 Jab tak to yēhī kuchh karnā hai.

دستِ تہِ سنگ

DURESS

'THE HAND UNDER THE ROCK

DAST-E-TAH-E-SANG

سکيا تگ

اب کوئی طبل بجے گا نہ کوئی شاہ سوار
 صبح دم موت کی وادی کو روانہ ہوگا؛
 اب کوئی جنگ نہ ہوگی، نہ کبھی رات گئے
 خون کی آگ کو اشکوں سے بجھانا ہوگا
 کوئی دل دھڑکے گا شب بھر نہ کسی آنکھ میں
 وہ ہم مخموس پرندے کی طرح آئے گا
 سہم خوں خوار درندے کی طرح آئے گا۔
 اب کوئی جنگ نہ ہوگی، مے و ساغر لاؤ
 خوں لٹانا نہ کبھی اشک بہانا ہوگا۔
 ساقیا! رقص کوئی رقص صبا کی صورت
 مٹریبا! کوئی غزل رنگِ جنا کی صورت

39. SINKIANG

No more now shall the drum sound, and no more
 The horseman ride at dawn towards death's ravine;
 War never any more, no need of tears
 At dead of night to quench the burning pain,
 No heart to shudder through the dark, no courtyard
 For terror like a ravening beast to enter,
 Or boding, like a bird of evil omen.
 War never any more!—bring wine, bring goblet—
 No more the squandered blood or the rushing tear;
 Saqi! a dance, like the dancing breeze of dawn—
 Minstrel! a song, like the scarlet stain of henna.

SINKIANG

- 1 Now no drum shall play, nor shall any cavalier
 Set off at daybreak to the valley of death;
 Now there shall be no war, nor ever late at night
 Will fire in the blood have to be quenched with tears.
- 5 No heart shall quiver all night, nor in any courtyard
 Shall causeless-anxiety come like an ill-omened bird,
 Shall fear come like a bloodthirsty beast of prey.
 Now there shall be no war,—bring wine and wine-cup!
 There will never have to be spilling blood nor shedding tear.
- 10 Cupbearer! some dance, like the dance of the morning breeze;
 Minstrel! some song, like the colour of henna.

SINKYANG

- 1 Ab ko'i tabl bajegā na ko'i shāhsawār
 Ṣubḥ-dam maut kī wādī ko rawāna hogā;
 Ab ko'i jaṅg na hogī, na kabhī rāt ga'e
 Khūn kī āg ko ashkoñ se bujhānā hogā.
- 5 Ko'i dil dhaṛkegā shab bhar na kisī āngan meñ
 Vahm manhūs parinde kī ṭarah ā'egā,
 Sahm khūnkhwār darinde kī ṭarah ā'egā.
 Ab ko'i jaṅg na hogī, mai o sāghir lāo!
 Khūn luṭānā na kabhī ashk bahānā hogā.
- 10 Sāqiyā! raqṣ ko'i raqṣ-e-ṣabā kī ṣurat;
 Muṭribā! ko'i ghazal raṅg-e-ḥinā kī ṣurat.

غزل

بساطِ رقص پہ صد شرق و غرب سے سرشام
 دمک رہا ہے تری دوستی کا ماہِ تمام
 چھلک رہی ہے تیرے محسنِ مہرباں کی شراب
 بھرا ہوا ہے لبالب ہر اک نگاہ کا جام
 گلے میں تنگ ترے حرفِ لطف کی باہیں
 پسِ خیال کہیں ساعتِ سفر کا پیام

Song

On the dancing-floor as evening
 Approaches, from a hundred
 Horizons east and westward
 Your full-moon friendship shining—

The wine of your radiant kindness
 Runs over, and every look
 Is a cup brim-full, your gracious
 Words clasp their arms round my neck—

Somewhere deep in my mind
 The hour of departure lurks.

Song

On the dance-floor, as evening comes on, from a hundred easts and
 wests

The full moon of your friendship is glowing,
 The wine of your gracious beauty is overflowing,

- 15 The cup of every glance is filled to the brim,
 The arms of your winning words are fast round my neck;
 Somewhere at the back of my thoughts is the message of the hour of
 the journey.

Ghazal

Bisāṭ-e-raqs pē ṣad sharq-o-gharb se sar-e-shām
 Damak-rahā hai tēri dostī kā māh-e-tamām,
 Chhalak-rahī hai tēre ḥusn-e-mēhrbān kī sharāb,
 15 Bharā hū'ā hai labālab harēk nigāh kā jām,
 Gale meñ taṅg tēre ḥarf-e-luṭf kī bāheñ;
 Pas-e-khayāl kahīn sā'at-e-safar kā payām.

ابھی سے یاد میں ڈھلنے لگی ہے صحبتِ شب
 ہر ایک رُوئے حسیں ہو چلا ہے بےش حسیں
 ملے کچھ ایسے، جدا یوں ہوئے کہ فیضِ اب کے
 جو دل پہ نقش بنے گا وہ گل ہے داغ نہیں

Into memory this night's glowing
 Fellowship starts to melt, still lovelier
 All these lovely faces grow.

Such a meeting, such a parting,
 Faiz, will leave no scar imprinted,
 But a blossom, on the heart.

*Already the evening's company has begun to melt into memory,
 Every lovely face is becoming more lovely.*

20 *We met in such a way, we separated so, Faiz, that now
 The mark that will be made on the heart will be a flower, not a scar.*

Abhī se yād meñ ḍhalne-lagī hai ṣuḥbat-e-shab,
 Harek rū-e-ḥusn ho-chalā hai besh ḥasīn.

20 *Mile kuchh aise, judā yūn hū'e kē, Faiz, abke
 Jo dil pe naqsh banegā vo gul hai dāgh nahīn.*

تنہائی

آج تنہائی کسی ہمدردِ دیریں کی طرح
 کرنے آئی ہے میری ساقی گری شام ڈھلے
 مُنتظر بیٹھے ہیں ہم دونوں کہ مہتاب اُبھرے
 اور ترا عکس جھلکنے لگے ہر سائے تلے

40. LONELINESS

Today loneliness like a well-tried friend
 Has come to be my evening wine-pourer.
 We sit together waiting for the moon to rise
 And set your image gleaming in every shadow.

LONELINESS

- 1 Today loneliness like some old friend
 Has come to do my wine-pouring as evening declines;
 We two are seated waiting for the moon to rise,
 And for your reflection to begin shining under every shadow.

TANHĀ'Ī

- 1 Āj tanhā'ī kisī hamdam-e-derīn kī ṭarah
 Karne ā'ī hai mēri sāqīgarī shām ḡhale;
 Muntazir baiṭhe haiṅ ham donoṅ kē mahtāb ubhare,
 Aur tērā 'aks jhalakne-lage har sā'e tale.

شام

اس طرح ہے کہ ہر اک پیڑ کوئی مندر ہے
کوئی اُتڑا ہوا، بے نور پُرانا مندر
ڈھونڈتا ہے جو خرابی کے بہانے کب سے
چاک ہر بام، ہر اک در کا دم آخر ہے۔
آسمان کوئی پُروہیت ہے جو ہر بام تلے
جسم پر رکھ ملے، ماتھے پہ سینڈور ملے
سرنگوں بیٹھا ہے چپ چاپ نہ جانے کب سے

اس طرح ہے کہ پس پردہ کوئی ساحر ہے
جس نے آفاق پہ پھیلا یا ہے یوں سحر کا دام

41. EVENING

It is as if each tree
Were an old deserted shrine,
Unlighted, long since pining
To be free to crumble away—
Each rooftop gaping, every
Portal at the last gasp;
And heaven a sort of priest,
Squatting since god knows when
Under the eaves, brow daubed
With scarlet, body with ashes,
Speechless, head hanging down;
—As if behind the curtain
There were some conjuror
Drawing such webs of magic
Over the universe,

EVENING

- 1 It is as if every tree is some temple,
Some ruined, unlit old temple,
Which since long is seeking excuses for crumbling;
Each roof torn, every door is at its last breath.
- 5 The sky is some priest who at the foot of each roof-wall,
On his body ashes smeared, on his forehead vermilion smeared,
Head drooping, is seated silent, there is no knowing since when.

It is as if behind the curtain there is some magician
Who has so spread over the heavens a net of magic,

SHĀM

- 1 Is ʔaraḥ hai kē harēk peṛ ko'ī mandir hai,
Ko'ī ujṛā hū'ā, be-nūr purānā mandir,
Ḍhūṇḍtā hai jo kharābī ke bahāne kab se;
Chāk har bām, harēk dar kā dam-e-ākhir hai.
- 5 Āsmān ko'ī purohit hai jo har bām tale,
Jism par rākḥ male, māthe pe sīndūr male,
Sar nigūn baiṭhā hai chup-chāp na jāne kab se.

Is ʔaraḥ hai kē pas-e-parda ko'ī sāhir hai
Jis-ne āfāq pe phailāyā hai yūn siḥr kā dām,

دامنِ وقت سے پیوست ہے یوں دامنِ شام،
اب کبھی شام بجھے گی نہ اندھیرا ہوگا
اب کبھی رات ڈھلے گی نہ سویرا ہوگا

آسمان آس لیے ہے کہ یہ جادو ٹوٹے
چپ کی زنجیر کاٹے، وقت کا دامن چھوٹے
دے کوئی سنکھ دھائی، کوئی پایل بولے
کوئی بت جاگے، کوئی سانبولی گھونگٹ کھولے

And time's skirt and this evening's
Were stitched together so close,
That twilight will never end,
Darkness will never come,
Night never decline, or morning
Ever return. . . . Heaven's prayer
Is that the spell may break,
The chain of silence snap,
Time's skirt be disentangled—
Some wailing conch-shell blare,
Some jingling anklet speak,
Some idol waken, or some
Swart votaress lift her veil.

- 10 *The evening's skirt is so joined with the skirt of time,
Now evening will never be extinguished and darkness never come,
Now night will never decline nor morning come.*

*Heaven has the hope that this spell may be broken,
That the chain of silence may be snapped, the skirt of time be freed,*

- 15 *That some conch-shell may make outcry, some anklet speak,
Some idol awaken, some swarthy-beauty open her veil.*

- 10 *Dāman-e-waqt se paiwast hai yūn dāman-e-shām,
Ab kabhī shām bujhegi na andherā hogā,
Ab kabhī rāt dhalegi na sawerā hogā.*

*Āsmān ās liye hai kē ye jādū tūṭe,
Chup kī zañjīr kaṭe, waqt kā dāman chhūṭe,*

- 15 *De ko'ī sañkh duhā'ī, ko'ī pāyal bole,
Ko'ī but jāge, ko'ī sāñwalī ghūngāṭ khole.*

آج بازار میں پا بہ جولاں چلو

چشمِ نم، جانِ شوریدہ کافی نہیں
تہمتِ عشقِ پوشیدہ کافی نہیں

آج بازار میں پا بہ جولاں چلو

دستِ افشاں چلوست و رقصاں چلو

خاکِ بر سرِ جلو، خوں بہ داماں چلو

راہِ تکتا ہے سب شہرِ جاناں چلو

حاکمِ شہر بھی، مجمعِ عام بھی

تیرِ الزام بھی، سنگِ دشنام بھی

صُبحِ ناشاد بھی، روزِ ناکام بھی

42. NOT ENOUGH

Not enough the tear-stained eye, the storm-tossed life,
Not enough the secret love, suspicion's brand;
Come today in fetters to the marketplace,
Walk with waving hands, run in a drunkard's dance,
Clothes besmeared with blood and head begrimed with dust!
All the loved one's city is watching by the road:
There the governor waits, and there the populace,
Calumny's keen arrow, insult's hurtling stone,
Morning of ill omen, day of evil chance—

TODAY COME IN FETTERS TO THE MARKETPLACE

- 1 The wet eye, the stormy spirit, are not enough,
The accusation of secret love is not enough:
Today come in fetters to the marketplace,
Come waving hands, come exulting, dancing,
- 5 Come with dust on the head, come with blood on the dress.
All the city of the beloved is gazing, come;
There too is the governor of the city, the public gathering too,
The arrow of calumny too, the stone of abuse too,
The unhappy daybreak too, the wretched day too.

ĀJ BĀZĀR MEN PĀ-BAJĀULĀN CHALO

- 1 Chashm-e-nam, jān-e-shorīda kāfi nahīn,
Tuhmat-e-'ishq-e-poshīda kāfi nahīn:
Āj bāzār men pā-bajaulān chalo,
Dast-afshān chalo, mast o raqṣān chalo,
- 5 Khāk bar sar chalo, khūn ba-dāmān chalo.
Rāh-taktā hai sab shahr-e-jānān, chalo;
Hākīm-e-shahr bhī, majma'-e-'ām bhī,
Tīr-e-ilzām bhī, saṅg-e-dushnām bhī,
Ṣubḥ-e-nāshād bhī, roz-e-nākām bhī.

ان کا دم ساز اپنے سوا کون ہے
 شہرِ جاناں میں اب با صفا کون ہے
 دستِ قاتل کے شایاں رک کون ہے
 رختِ دل باندھ لو دل فگار و چلو
 پھر ہمیں قتل ہو آئیں یار و چلو

Who has been their bosom friend, but we alone?
 In the loved one's city who is left to trust?
 Who is worthy now of the executioner's hand?
 You that know affliction, lift the heart's sad load;
 We it is, my friends, must once more taste the knife.

10 *Who is their intimate, besides us?
 In the city of the beloved who now is pure,
 Who is left worthy of the executioner's hand?
 Fasten-on the burden of the heart, heart-afflicted ones, come;
 Let us once again go to be murdered—friends, come.*

10 Inkā dam-sāz apne siwā kaun hai?
 Shahr-e-jānān meñ ab bā-ṣafā kaun hai,
 Dast-e-qātil ke shāyān rahā kaun hai?
 Rakht-e-dil bāndh-lo, dil-fagāro, chalo;
 Phir hamīn qatl ho-ā'eñ, yāro, chalo.

قیدِ تنہائی

دُور آفاق پہ لہرائی کوئی نور کی لہر
 خواب ہی خواب میں بیدار ہوا درد کا شہر
 خواب ہی خواب میں بے تاب نظر ہونے لگی
 عدم آبادِ جُدائی میں سحر ہونے لگی
 کاسہِ دل میں بھری اپنی صبوحی میں نے
 گھول کر تلخیِ دیروز میں امروز کا زہر

دُور آفاق پہ لہرائی کوئی نور کی لہر
 آنکھ سے دُور کسی صُبْح کی تمہید لیے

43. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

Far on the horizon a tremor of light flickered.
 Still plunged in sleep pain's citadel grew conscious,
 Still plunged in sleep eyes grew once more restless;
 Over the ghostly house of exile, dawn.
 In my heart's cup I poured the morning draught,
 Stirring in yesterday's gall today's poison.

Far on the horizon a tremor of light flickered,
 Harbinger of a still invisible daybreak;

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

- 1 Far away on the horizon some ripple of light rippled;
 Still in sleep the city of pain came awake,
 Still in sleep the eye began to be restless,
 In separation's abode of non-existence it began to be morning;
- 5 In the cup of the heart I poured my morning-draught,
 Mixing in the bitterness of yesterday the poison of today.

Far away on the horizon some ripple of light rippled,
 Bringing a presage of some dawn far out of sight;

QAID-E-TANHĀ'I

- 1 Dūr āfāq pē lahrā'ī ko'ī nūr kī lahr;
 Khwāb hī khwāb meñ bedār hū'ā dard kā shahr,
 Khwāb hī khwāb meñ be-tāb nazar hone-lagī,
 'adam-ābād-e-judā'ī meñ sahar hone-lagī;
- 5 Kāsa-e-dil meñ bharī apnī ṣabūhī main-ne,
 Gholkar talkhī-e-dīroz meñ imroz kā zahr.

Dūr āfāq pē lahrā'ī ko'ī nūr kī lahr,
 Āñkh se dūr kisī ṣubḥ kī tamhīd liye;

کوئی نغمہ، کوئی خوشبو، کوئی کافر صورت
 عدم آبادِ جدائی میں مسافر صورت
 بے خبر گزری، پریشانی اُمید لیے۔
 گھول کر تلخی دیروز میں امروز کا زہر
 حسرتِ روزِ ملاقات رقم کی ہیں نے
 دیس پڑویں کے یارانِ قدحِ خوار کے نام
 محسنِ آفاق، جمالِ لب و رخسار کے نام

Some melody, some perfume, some siren face
 Strayed like a careless passer-by through the ghostly
 House of exile, bringing all hope's torment.

Stirring in yesterday's gall today's poison
 I made an offering of my homesickness
 To friends in this and all lands who have drunk with me,
 To earth's beauty, to the charm of cheek and lip.

Some song, some scent, some sinfully-beguiling face,
 10 In separation's abode of non-existence a roving face
 Carelessly passed, bringing the anguish of hope.
 Mixing in the bitterness of yesterday the poison of today,
 I dedicated my aching for the day of meeting
 To cup-drinking friends in this country and abroad,
 15 To the beauty of the world, to the fairness of lip and cheek.

Ko'i naghma, ko'i khwushbū, ko'i kāfir šūrat,
 10 'adam-ābād-e-judā'i meñ musāfir šūrat
 Be-khabar guzrī, pareshānī-e-ummed liye.
 Gholkar talkhī-e-dīroz meñ imroz kā zahr,
 Ḥasrat-e-roz-e-mulāqāt raqam kī naiñ-ne
 Des pardes ke yārān-e-qadah khwār ke nām,
 15 Ḥusn-e-āfāq, jamāl-e-lab-o-rukhṣār ke nām.

حمد

ملکہ شہرِ زندگی تیرا
شکر کس طور سے ادا کیجے
دولتِ دل کا کچھ شمار نہیں
تنگ دستی کا کیا گلا کیجے

جو ترے حُسن کے فقیر ہوئے
اُن کو تشویشِ روزگار کہاں
دردِ بچیں گے گیت گائیں گے
اس سے خوش وقت کاروبار کہاں

44. HYMN OF PRAISE

Sovereign lady of life's city,
How can our thanks to you be told?
Wealth the heart owns past all counting:
How then complain of penury?
Why should pensioners on your beauty
Take anxious thought for daily bread?
Making songs and selling sorrows—
Where should they find a merrier trade?

PRAISE

- 1 Queen of the city of life,
In what way could thanks to you be performed?
There is no counting up the wealth of the heart;
What complaint of poverty could be made?
- 5 Those who have become devotees of your beauty,
Where for them is anxiety about livelihood?
We shall sell pain, we shall sing songs—
Where a happier occupation than this?

HAMD

- 1 Malka-e-shahr-e-zīndagī, terā
Shukr kis ṭaur se adā kīje?
Daulat-e-dil kā kuchh shumār nahīn;
Taṅgdastī kā kyā gilā kīje?
- 5 Jo tēre ḥusn ke faqīr hū'e,
Unko tashwīsh-e-rozgār kahān?
Dard becheṅge, gīt gā'eṅge—
Is-se khwushwaqt kār-o-bār kahān?

جام چھلکا تو جگمگئی محفل
منت لطفِ نعم گسار کسے
اشک پڑکا تو کھل گیا گلشن
رنج کم نظر فی بہار کسے

خوش نشیں ہیں کہ چشم و دل کی مراد
دیر میں ہے نہ خالقہ میں ہے
ہم کہاں قسمت آزمائے جائیں
ہر صنم اپنی بارگاہ میں ہے

کون ایسا معنی ہے جس سے کوئی
نقدِ شمس و قمر کی بات کرے
جس کو شوقِ نبرد ہو ہم سے
جائے تسخیر کا بنات کرے

When cups spill and guests are gathered,
Who feels his debt to the comforter?
When tears fall the garden blossoms:
Who bears a grudge at niggard Springs?
We are blest—no shrine, no temple,
Shuts up from us our heart's desire;
Where should we go seeking fortune,
When all we care for shares our roof?
Who is rich enough to chaffer
About the moon and sun with us?
He who thirsts to give us battle
May conquer first the universe.

- When the cup has overflowed the gathering has collected:
10 Who feels obligation to the graciousness of the consoler?
When the tear has spilled the flower-garden has bloomed:
Who feels grief at the inadequacy of spring?
We are fortunate that the desire of (our) eye and heart
Is neither in (Hindu) temple nor in (Muslim) shrine.
15 Where are we to go to test our fortune?
Every idol (attraction) is in our own mansion.
Who is rich enough to
Negotiate with us the price of the sun and moon?
Whoever has a wish for battle with us,
20 Let him go and make conquest of the universe.

- Jām chhalkā to jam-ga'ī maḥfil:
10 Minnat-e-luṭf-e-ghamgusār kise?
Ashk ṭapkā to khil-gayā gulshan:
Ranj-e-kamzarfi-e-bahār kise?
Khush-nashīn hain kē chashm o dil kī murād
Dair meñ hai na khānqāh meñ hai.
15 Ham kahān qismat āzmāne jā'ēn?
Har ṣanam apnī bārgāh meñ hai.
Kaun aisā ghanī hai jis-se ko'ī
Naqd-e-shams-o-qamar kī bāt kare?
Jis-ko shauq-e-nabard ko ham-se,
20 Jā'e, taskhīr-e-kā'ināt kare.

ڈھلتی ہے موج نے

ڈھلتی ہے موج نے کی طرح رات ان دنوں
 کھلتی ہے صبح گل کی طرح رنگ و بو سے پر
 ویراں ہیں جام پاس کرو کچھ بہار کا
 دل آرزو سے پر کرو، آنکھیں لہو سے پر

45. LIKE FLOWING WINE

Night at this season comes on like flowing wine;
 Dawn unfolds like a rose, all colour and scent.
 If dust has filled the cup, pay honour to Spring—
 With longing fill your heart, your eyes with fire.

FLows LIKE A WAVE OF WINE

- 1 *Night flows these days like a wave of wine,
 Dawn opens like a rose full of colour and scent;
 If cups are desolate, have some respect for spring:
 Fill the heart with desire, the eyes with blood.*

DHALTĪ HAI MAUJ-E-MAI

- 1 *Dhaltī hai mauj-e-mai kī ṭarah rāt in dinon,
 Khiltī hai ṣubḥ gul kī ṭarah rang o bū se pur;
 Vīrān haiṅ jām, pās karo kuchh bahār kā:
 Dil ārzū se pur karo, āñkheṅ lahū se pur.*

ملاقات مری

ساری دیوار سیہ ہو گئی تا حلقہ بام
 راستے بجھ گئے رخصت ہوئے رہ گیر تمام
 اپنی تنہائی سے گویا ہوئی پھر رات مری
 ہونہ ہو آج پھر آئی ہے ملاقات مری؛
 اک ہتھیلی پہ حنا، ایک ہتھیلی پہ لہو
 اک نظر زہر لیے، ایک نظر میں دارو

46. MY VISITOR

The whole wall has grown dim, to the circling roof;
 All roads are blotted out, each wayfarer
 Has taken his departure. Once again
 My night and its own loneliness converse;
 Once more my visitor I think has come,
 This palm with henna stained, that palm with blood,
 One glance all bane, the next all healing balm.

MY 'INTERVIEW'

- 1 All the wall has become black, up to the circle of the roof,
 Roads have been extinguished, all travellers have taken leave;
 My night has again begun talking with its solitude;
 It seems that today my 'interview' has come again,
- 5 On one palm henna, on one palm blood,
 One eye full of poison, in one eye medicine.

MULĀQĀT MĒRĪ

- 1 Sārī dīwār siya ho-ga'ī tā ḥalqa-e-bām,
 Rāste bujh-ga'e, rukṣat hū'e rah-gīr tamām;
 Apnī tanhā'ī se goyā hū'ī phir rāt mērī;
 Ho na ho āj phir ā'ī hai mulāqāt mērī,
- 5 Ēk hathelī pē ḥinā, ek hathelī pē lahū,
 Ēk naẓar zahr liye, ek naẓar meṇ dārū.

دیر سے منزلِ دل میں کوئی آیا نہ گیا
 فرقتِ درد میں بے آب ہوا تختہ داغ
 کس سے کہیے کہ بھرے رنگِ رنحوں کے ایلاغ؛
 اور پھر خود ہی چلی آئی ملاقاتِ مری
 آشنا موت جو دشمن بھی ہے غمِ خوار بھی ہے
 وہ جو ہم لوگوں کی قاتل بھی ہے دلدلر بھی ہے

In my heart's lodging no-one now for long
 Has come or gone; grey solitude has left
 The garden of pain unwatered; who is there
 To fill its chalices of wounds with crimson?

Once more indeed my visitor has come,
 Of her own will, my old acquaintance Death,
 She who is adversary and comforter both,
 To such as us the murderess and the sweetheart.

Since long no-one has come or gone in the halting-place of the
 heart;

In the isolation of pain the flowerbed of the scar has been un-
 watered—

Whom to tell that he should fill the cups of its wounds with colour?

10 And again of her own accord my 'interview' has come,
 Familiar death, who is both enemy and grief-soother,
 Who for us people is both murderess and sweetheart.

Der se manzil-e-dil meñ ko'ī āyā na gayā,
 Furqat-e-dard meñ be-āb hū'ā takhta-e-dāgh:
 Kis-se kahiye kē bhare rañg se zakhmoñ ke ayāgh?

10 Aur phir khwud-hī chalī ā'ī mulāqāt mēri,
 Āshnā maut jo dushman bhī hai, ghamkhwār bhī hai,
 Vo jo ham logon kī qātil bhī hai, dildār bhī hai.

ختم ہوئی بارشِ سنگ

ناگہاں آج میرے تارِ نظر سے کٹ کر
ٹکڑے ٹکڑے ہوئے آفاق پہ نورِ شید و قمر
اب کسی سمت اندھیرا نہ اُجالا ہوگا
بُجھ گئی دل کی طرح راہِ وفا میرے بعد
دوستو! قافلہٴ درد کا اب کیا ہوگا

47. THE HAIL OF STONES

Suddenly pierced today by the sharp lance of my gaze
Moon and sun broke at once into fragments in the sky.

Now there will be no light nor darkness anywhere;
Now I am gone the pilgrim way lies hushed as my heart:
What will become of that band vowed to love's martyrdom?

THE RAIN OF STONES HAS ENDED

- 1 Suddenly today cut by the string of my glance
Sun and moon broke into pieces in the firmament.
Now there will not be darkness or brightness in any direction;
After me the way of fidelity has been extinguished like a heart;
- 5 Friends! what will become now of the caravan of pain (anguished love)?

KHATM HŪ' I BARISH-E-SANG

- 1 Nāgahān āj mēre tār-e-naẓar se katkar
Ṭukre ṭukre hū'e āfāq pe khwurshid o qamar.
Ab kisī simt andherā na ujālā hogā;
Bujh-ga'i dil kī ṭarah rāh-e-wafā mere ba'd;
- 5 Dosto! qāfila-e-dard kā ab kyā hogā?

اب کوئی اور کرے پرورش گلشنِ غم
 دوستو! ختم ہوئی دیدہ تر کی شبِ غم
 تھم گیا شورِ جنوں ختم ہوئی بارشِ سنگ
 خاک رہ آج لئے ہے لبِ دلدار کا رنگ
 کوئے جاناں میں کھلا میرے لہو کا پرچم
 دیکھئے دیتے ہیں کس کس کو صدامیرے بعد
 کون ہوتا ہے حریفِ مئے مروغہ کنِ عشق
 ہے مکرر لبِ ساقی پہ صدامیرے بعد

Some other now must tend the garden of sacrifice;
 The dew these eyes of mine have shed, friends, is used up,
 The passionate faith is stilled, the hail of stones is over.

Dust underfoot today is the hue of the loved one's lips,
 In her dear street is unfurled the pennant of my blood.
 To whom, whom will the summons come, now I am gone—
 Who dares the challenge now of the deadly wine of love?
 Again and again, now I am gone, this cry on the lips of her
 who pours.

Now let someone else do the nourishing of the garden of suffering.
 Friends! the dew of the wet eye is finished;
 The tumult of rapture (madness) has ceased, the rain of stones has
 ended.

The dust of the road today bears the colour of the darling's lip,
 In the sweetheart's street the pennant of my blood has spread out.
 See to whom, to whom, they give the call after me—
 'Who is the challenger of the man-overthrowing wine of love?
 Repeatedly the cry is on the lips of the Saqi after me.'

Ab ko'i aur kare parwarish-e-gulshan-e-gham.
 Dosto! khatm hū'i dida-e-tar kī shabnam;
 Tham-gayā shor-e-junūn, khatm hū'i bārish-e-sāng.
 Khāk-e-rah āj liye hai lab-e-dildār kā rang,
 Kū-e-jānān meñ khulā mere lahū kā parcham:
 Dekhiye dete haiñ kis kis-ko ṣadā mere ba'd—
 'Kaun hotā hai ḥarīf-e-mai-e-mard-afgan-e-'ishq?
 Hai mukarrar lab-e-sāqī pe ṣalā mere ba'd.'

رنگ ہے دل کا مرے

ثم نہ آئے تھے تو ہر چیز وہی تھی کہ جو ہے:
 آسماں حدِ نظر راہ گزر راہ گزر شیشہ ہے شیشہ ہے۔
 اور اب شیشہ ہے راہ گزر، رنگِ فلک،
 رنگ ہے دل کا مرے، خونِ جگر ہونے تک:
 چمنی رنگ کبھی راحتِ دیدار کا رنگ،
 سُرمئی رنگ کہ ہے ساعتِ بیزار کا رنگ،
 زرد پتوں کا، خس و خاب کا رنگ،
 سُرخ پھولوں کا دہکتے ہوئے گلزار کا رنگ،

48. BEFORE YOU CAME

Before you came, all things were what they are—
 The sky sight's boundary, the road a road,
 The glass of wine a glass of wine; since then,
 Road, wineglass, colour of heaven, all have taken
 The hues of this heart ready to melt into blood—
 Now golden, as the solace of meeting is,
 Now grey, the livery of despondent hours,
 Or tint of yellowed leaves, of garden trash,
 Or scarlet petal, a flowerbed all ablaze:

IT IS THE COLOUR OF MY HEART

- I You had not come, then each thing was the same that it is:
 The sky the frontier of sight, a road a road, a glass of wine a glass
 of wine;
 And now a glass of wine, a road, the colour of heaven,
 Are the colour of my heart, 'about to turn into blood of the liver':
 5 A golden colour sometimes, the colour of the joy of meeting,
 A greyish colour that is the colour of an insipid span-of-time,
 The colour of yellow leaves, of sticks and straw,
 The colour of red flowers, of a flaming flower-bed,

RAṄG HAI DIL KĀ MĒRE

- I Tum nā a'e the to har chiz vuhī thī kē jo hai:
 Āsmān ḥadd-e-naẓar, rāhguzar rāhguzar, shisha-e-mai shisha-
 e-mai;
 Aur ab shisha-e-mai, rāhguzar, raṅg-e-falak,
 Raṅg hai dil kā mēre, khūn-e-jigar hone tak:
 5 Champa'ī raṅg kabhī, rāḥat-e-didār kā raṅg,
 Surma'ī raṅg kē hai sā'at-e-bezār kā raṅg,
 Zard patton kā, khas-o-khār kā raṅg,
 Surkh phūlon kā, dahakte hū'e gulzār kā raṅg,

زہر کا رنگ، لہو رنگ، شب تار کا رنگ۔
 آسمان راہ گزر، شیشہ مے؛
 کوئی بھیگا ہوا دامن، کوئی دکھتی ہوئی رگ،
 کوئی ہر لحظہ بدلتا ہوا آئینہ ہے۔
 اب جو آئے ہو تو ٹھہرو کہ کوئی رنگ کوئی رت کوئی شے،
 ایک جگہ پر ٹھہرے؛
 پھر سے اک بار ہر اک چیز وہی ہو کہ جو ہے؛
 آسمان حد نظر راہ گزر راہ گزر، شیشہ مے شیشہ مے

Colour of poison, colour of blood, or shade
 Of sable night. Sky, highroad, glass of wine—
 The first a tear-stained robe, the next a nerve
 Aching, the last a mirror momentarily altering. . . .
 Now you have come, stay here, and let some colour,
 Some month, some anything, keep its own place,
 And all things once again be their own selves,
 The sky sight's bound, the road a road, wine wine.

The colour of poison, blood-colour, the colour of dark night.

- 10 Sky, road, glass of wine—
 One a (tear-) wetted skirt, one an aching vein,
 One is a mirror every moment changing.
 Now that you have come, stay, so that some colour, some season,
 some thing,
 May stay in one place,
 15 So that again each object may be the same that it is,
 The sky the frontier of sight, a road a road, a glass of wine a glass
 of wine.

Zahr kā raṅg, lahū raṅg, shab-e-tār kā raṅg.

- 10 Āsmān, rāhguzar, shīsha-e-mai:
 Ko'ī bhīgā hū'ā dāman, ko'ī dukhtī hū'ī rag,
 Ko'ī har laḥṣa badaltā hū'ā ā'ina hai.
 Ab jo ā'e ho to ṭhahro, kē ko'ī raṅg, ko'ī rut, ko'ī shai,
 Ek jaga par ṭhahre,
 15 Phir se ēk bār harēk chīz vuhī ho kē jo hai—
 Āsmān ḥadd-e-naẓar, rāhguzar rāhguzar, shīsha-e-mai shīsha-
 e-mai.

پاس رہو

تُم مرے پاس رہو
میرے قاتل، مرے دلدار، مرے پاس رہو۔
جس گھڑی رات چلے
آسمانوں کا لہو پی کے سیہ رات چلے
مرہم مُشک لیے، نِشترِ الماس لیے
بہن کرتی ہوئی، ہنستی ہوئی، گاتی نکلے
درد کے کاسنی پازیب بجاتی نکلے؛
جس گھڑی سینوں میں ڈوبے ہوئے دل
آستینوں میں نہاں ہاتھوں کی رہ تگنے لگیں
آس لیے؛

49. BE NEAR ME

Be near me—
My torment, my darling, be near me
That hour when the night comes,
Black night that has drunk heaven's blood comes
With salve of musk-perfume, with diamond-tipped lancet,
With wailing, with jesting, with music,
With grief like a clash of blue anklets—
When, hoping once more, hearts deep-sunk in men's bosoms
Wait, watch for the hands whose wide sleeves still
Enfold them,

BE NEAR ME

- 1 You be near me,
My destroyer, my sweetheart, be near me—
At the hour when night comes,
When dark night having drunk the blood of the heavens comes
- 5 Bearing the salve of musk, bearing the lancet of diamond,
Comes out making lamentation, laughing, singing,
Comes out sounding blue-grey anklets of pain;
At the hour when hearts sunk in breasts
Have begun to watch out for hands hidden in sleeves,
- 10 With hope,

PĀS RAHO

- 1 Tum mēre pās raho,
Mere qātil, mēre dildār, mēre pās raho—
Jis ghaṛī rāt chale,
Āsmānoṅ kā lahū pike siya rāt chale
- 5 Marham-e-mushk liye, nishtar-e-almās liye,
Bain kartī hū'ī, haṅstī hū'ī, gātī nikle,
Dard ke kāsni pāzeb bajātī nikle;
Jis ghaṛī sīnoṅ meṅ ḍūbe hū'e dil
Āstīnoṅ meṅ nihān hāthoṅ kī rah-takne lagen,
- 10 Ās liye;

اوز پچوں کے بلکنے کی طرح قاتل ہے
 بہر ناسودگی مچلے تو منائے نہ منے،
 جب کوئی بات بنائے نہ بنے
 جب نہ کوئی بات چلے۔
 جس گھڑی رات چلے،
 جس گھڑی ماتمی، سُنسان، سیئہ رات چلے،
 پاس رہو،
 میرے قاتل، مرے دلدار مرے پاس رہو

Till wine's gurgling sound is a sobbing of infants
 Unsatisfied, fretful, no soothing will silence,—
 No taking thought prospers,
 No thought serves;
 —That hour when the night comes,
 That hour when black night, drear, forlorn, comes,
 Be near me,
 My torment, my darling, be near me!

And gurgling of wine, like a sobbing of children,
 Because of frustration is fractious, and though you may soothe it
 will not be soothed;
 When whatever thing you try to bring about will not be brought
 about,
 When nothing succeeds:

15. At the hour when night comes,
 At the hour when mournful, dreary, black night comes,
 Be near,
 My destroyer, my sweetheart, be near me.

Aur bachchoñ ke bilakne kī tarah qulqul-e-mai
 Bahr-e-nāsūdgī machle to manā'e na mane;
 Jab ko'ī bāt banā'e na bane,
 Jab na ko'ī bāt chale:

- 15 Jis gharī rāt chale,
 Jis gharī mātāmī, sūnsān, siya rāt chale,
 Pās raho,
 Mere qātil, mēre dildār, mēre pās raho.

منظر

رہ گزر، سائے، شجر، منزل و در، حلقہ بام،
 بام پر سینہ متاب کھلا آہستہ
 جس طرح کھولے کوئی بندِ قبا آہستہ۔
 حلقہ بام تلے، سایوں کا ٹھہرا ہوا نیل،
 نیل کی جھیل؛
 جھیل میں چپکے سے تیرا کسی پتے کا حباب
 ایک پل تیرا، چلا، پھوٹ گیا آہستہ

50. AN IDYLL

Shadows and road—trees, dwellings, doors—rim of the roof;
 High on the roof softly the moon baring her breast,
 Like a clasped gown softly unloosed;
 Under the eaves motionless blue
 Shades, a blue pool:
 Noiseless, a leaf, soft as a brief bubble that bursts,
 Drifting across.

A SCENE

- 1 Road, shadows, trees, houses and doors, edge of the roof—
 Over the roof the bosom of the moon was opened softly
 As if someone were undoing the fastening of a dress softly;
 Below the edge of the roof, a stagnant blue of shadows,
- 5 A lake of blue;
 In the lake silently floated some leaf, like a bubble,
 One moment floated, moved, burst (vanished) softly.

MANẒAR

- 1 Rahguzar, sā'e, shajar, manzil-o-dar, ḥalqa-e-bām—
 Bām par sina-e-mahtāb khulā āhista,
 Jis ṭarah khole ko'ī baṇd-e-qabā āhista;
 Ḥalqa-e-bām tale sāyon kā ṭahrā hū'ā nīl,
- 5 Nīl kī jhīl;
 Jhīl meṇ chupke-se tairā kisī patte kā ḥabāb,
 Ek pal tairā, chalā, phūṭ-gayā āhista.

بہت آہستہ، بہت ہلکا، ٹنک رنگ شراب
 میرے شیشے میں ڈھلا آہستہ؛
 شیشہ و جام، صراحی، ترے ہاتھوں کے گلاب
 جس طرح دُور کسی خواب کا نقش
 آپ ہی آپ بنا، اور مٹا آہستہ

دل نے دُہرایا کوئی حرفِ وفا آہستہ
 تم نے کہا آہستہ؛
 چاند نے جھک کے کہا:
 ”اور ذرا آہستہ!“

Pale, very pale, slow, very slow, cool-coloured wine
 Softly was poured into my glass;
 Flagon and glass, rose of your hands,
 Formed like a dream image far off,
 Formed of themselves, softly dissolved.
 Softly my heart once and again murmured some pledge;
 'Softly', you said—
 'Softer!' the moon, leaning down, breathed.

Very softly, very pale, a cool colour that was wine
 Was poured out into my glass softly;
 10 Glass and bowl, flagon, the rose of your hands,
 Like the image of some distant dream,
 Took shape of itself, and faded softly.

My heart repeated some word of fidelity, softly—
 You said 'Softly!'
 15 The moon, bending, said:
 'A little more softly even!'

Bahut āhista, bahut halkā, khunak raṅg-e-sharāb
 Mere shishe meñ ḡhalā āhista;
 10 Shisha o jāṃ, ṣurāḡhī, tēre hāthoñ ke gulāb
 Jis ṭarah dūr kisī khwāb kā naqsh
 Āp hī āp banā, aur miṭā āhista.

Dil-ne duhrāyā ko'ī ḡarf-e-wafā āhista—
 Tum-ne kahā 'Āhista!'
 15 Chāñd-ne jhukke kahā:
 'Aur zarā āhista!'

گیت

درد تھم جائے گا، غم نہ کر، غم نہ کر
 یار لوٹ آئیں گے، دل ٹھہر جائے گا، غم نہ کر، غم نہ کر
 زخم بھر جائے گا، غم نہ کر، غم نہ کر
 دن نکل آئے گا، غم نہ کر، غم نہ کر
 ابر کھل جائے گا، رات ڈھل جائے گی، غم نہ کر، غم نہ کر
 رُت بدل جائے گی، غم نہ کر، غم نہ کر

51. SONG

The pain will end—do not wail,
 Do not weep or wail!
 Friends will come back, the heart be at rest,
 Do not wail—
 The wound will mend,
 The day will dawn—do not wail!
 Clouds will scatter and darkness fail,
 The season will change—do not weep or wail!

SONG

- 1 *Pain will cease, do not grieve, do not grieve—
 Friends will return, the heart will rest, do not grieve, do not
 grieve—
 The wound will be made whole, do not grieve, do not grieve—
 Day will come forth, do not grieve, do not grieve—*
- 5 *The cloud will open, night will decline, do not grieve, do not grieve—
 The season will change, do not grieve, do not grieve.*

GIT

- 1 *Dard tham-jā'egā, gham na kar, gham na kar—
 Yār lauṭ-ā'enṅe, dil ṭhahar-jā'egā, gham na kar, gham na kar—
 Zakhm bhar-jā'egā, gham na kar, gham na kar—
 Din nikal-ā'egā, gham na kar, gham na kar—*
- 5 *Abr khul-jā'egā, rāt dhal-jā'egī, gham na kar, gham na kar—
 Rut badal-jā'egī, gham na kar, gham na kar.*

بلیک آؤٹ

جب سے بے نور ہوئی ہیں شمعیں
 خاک میں ڈھونڈتا پھرتا ہوں، نہ جانے کس جا
 کھو گئی ہیں مری دونوں آنکھیں،
 تم جو واقف ہو بتاؤ کوئی پہچان مری۔
 اس طرح ہے کہ ہر اک رگ میں اتر آیا ہے
 موج در موج کسی زہر کا قاتل دریا؛
 تیرا ارمان تری یاد لیے، جان مری،
 جانے کس موج میں غلطاں ہے کہاں، دل میرا؟
 ایک پل ٹھیرو کہ اس پار کسی دنیا سے
 برق آئے مری جانب یدِ بیضا لے کر

52. 'BLACK-OUT'

Since all the lamps went out
 I have been groping in the dust, not knowing
 Where are my eyes.
 You that know, tell me what I am!
 It feels as though some deadly flood of poison
 Has poured, surge upon surge, through every vein,
 Sweeping with it my memories of you, love, my longings;
 How can I tell in what wave my heart is engulfed?
 Be patient awhile, until from some world beyond
 A lightning-flash approaches with dazzling hand

'BLACK-OUT'

- 1 Since the lamps have been without light,
 I am seeking, moving about, in the dust: I do not know where
 Both my eyes have been lost;
 You who are familiar with me, tell me some identification of
 myself.
- 5 It is as if into every vein has descended,
 Wave on wave, the murderous river of some poison,
 Carrying longing for you, memory of you, my love;
 How to know where, in what wave, my heart is swallowed?
 Wait one moment, till from some world beyond
- 10 Lightning comes towards me with bright hand.

BLACK-OUT

- 1 Jab se be-nūr hū'ī haiñ sham'en
 Khāk meñ dhūñḍtā phirtā hūñ, na jāne kis jā,
 Kho-ga'ī haiñ mēri donōñ āñkheñ;
 Tum jo wāqif ho batāo ko'ī pahchāñ mēri.
- 5 Is tarah hai kē harēk rag meñ utar-āyā hai
 Mauj dar mauj kisī zahr kā qātil daryā,
 Terā armāñ tēri yād liye, jāñ mēri;
 Jāne kis mauj meñ ghalṭāñ hai kahāñ dil merā?
 Ek pal ṭhairo kē us-pār kisī dunyā se
- 10 Barq ā'e mēri jāñib yad-e-bezā lekar,

اور مری آنکھوں کے گم گشتہ گہر
جامِ ظلمت سے سیہ مست نئی آنکھوں کے شبتاب گہر
کوٹا دے۔

ایک پل ٹھیرو کہ دریا کا کہیں پاٹ لگے
اور نیا دل میرا
زہر میں دھل کے فنا ہو کے کسی گھاٹ لگے؛
پھر پیئے نذر نئے دیدہ و دل لے کے چلوں
حُسن کی مدح کروں شوق کا مضمون لکھوں

And for the lost gems of my eyes
Brings new ones, shining, drunk
With shadows from the cup of night.
Be patient awhile till the torrent finds its banks,
And my heart renewed after knowing annihilation,
Washed pure with poison, finds some landing-place;
Then let me come with tribute of new heart-vision,
Speak beauty's praise, and write the meaning of love.

And the lost pearls of my eyes,
As luminous pearls of new eyes drunk with the cup of darkness,
Restores.
Wait one moment till somewhere the breadth of the river is found,
15 And, renewed, my heart,
Having been washed in poison, having been annihilated, finds
some landing-place;
Then let me come bringing, by way of offering, new sight and heart,
Let me make the praise of beauty, let me write of the theme of love.

Aur mēri ānkhōñ kē gum-gashta guhar,
Jām-e-ẓulmat se siyamast na'ī ānkhōñ ke shabtāb guhar,
Lauṭa-de.
Ek pal ṭhairo kē daryā kā kahīn pāṭ lage,
15 Aur nayā dil merā
Zahr meñ ḍhulkē, fanā hoke, kisī ghāṭ lage;
Phir pa'e nazr na'e dīda o dil leke chalūñ,
Ḥusn kī madḥ karūñ, shauq kā mazmūñ likkhūñ.

ہارٹ اٹیک

دردِ اِثنا تھا کہ اُس رات دلِ وحشی نے

ہر رگِ جاں سے اُلجھنا چاہا،

ہر بُنِ مُو سے ٹپکنا چاہا،

اور کہیں دُور، ترے صحنِ چمن میں گویا

پتّا پتّا مرے افسردہ لہو میں دھل کر

حُسنِ مہتاب سے آزرده نظر آنے لگا؛

میرے ویرانہ تن میں گویا

سارے دُکھتے ہوئے ریشوں کی طنابیں کھل کر

سلسلہ وار پتّا دینے لگیں

رخصتِ قافلہٴ شوق کی تیاری کا؛

53. HEART-ATTACK

There was such pain that night my maddened spirit
Was on fire to wrestle with every living fibre,
Gush out through every pore.
It seemed as if far off in your green bower
The leaves all dripping with my agonized blood
Were sickening of the moon's beauty—
As if this body were a desert,
All these racked nerves its tent-ropes,
One after one slackening, warning
Of life's caravan making ready for departure.

'HEART-ATTACK'

- 1 The pain was such that that night my wild heart
Wanted to wrestle with every vein of life,
Wanted to drip away through every hair's root;
And somewhere far off (it was) as if in your garden courtyard
- 5 Every leaf, washed in my miserable blood,
Began to look weary of the moon's beauty;
As if in the desert of my body
The tent-ropes of all my aching nerves had loosened
And begun one after the other to give notice
- 10 Of preparation for the departure of the caravan of zest-of-living;

HEART-ATTACK

- 1 Dard itnā thā kē us rāt dil-e-vaḥshī-ne
Har rag-e-jān se ulajhnā chāhā,
Har bun-e-mū se ṭapaknā chāhā;
Aur kahīn dūr, tēre ṣaḥn-e-chaman meṅ goyā
- 5 Pattā pattā mēre afsurda lahū meṅ ḍhulkar
Ḥusn-e-mahtāb se āzurda naẓar āne-lagā;
Mere vīrāna-e-tan meṅ goyā
Sāre dukhte hū'e reshon kī ṭanābeṅ khulkar
Silsila-wār patā dene-lagīn
- 10 Rukḥṣat-e-qāfila-e-shauq kī taiyārī kā;

اور جب یاد کی بجھتی ہوئی شمعوں میں نظر آیا کہیں
ایک پل، آخری لمحہ تیری دلداری کا،
درد اتنا تھا کہ اُس سے بھی گزرنا چاہا
ہم نے چاہا بھی، مگر دل نہ ٹھہرنا چاہا

Somewhere in memory's dying candle-light
A momentary vision, last glimpse of your tenderness;
But even that, there was so much pain, I wanted to be done
with
—Or I wanted to stay, but my spirit would not.

*And when in memory's expiring candles came in view somewhere
For one instant the final moment of your loving-kindness,
The pain was such that one wanted to pass by even it—
I indeed wished, but my heart did not wish, to stay.*

Aur jab yād kī bujhtī hū'ī sham'ōn meī naẓar āyā kahīn
Ek pal, ākhirī lamḥa tērī dildārī kā,
Dard itnā thā kē us-se bhī guzarnā chāhā—
Ham-ne chāhā bhī, magar dīl na ṭhahrnā chāhā.

دُعا

آئیے ہاتھ اٹھائیں ہم بھی،
 ہم جنہیں رسمِ دُعا یاد نہیں،
 ہم جنہیں سوزِ محبت کے سوا
 کوئی بُت کوئی خدا یاد نہیں۔
 آئیے غرض گزاریں کہ نگارِ ہستی
 زہرِ امروز میں شیرینیِ فردا بھر دے؛
 وہ جنہیں تابِ گراں باریِ ایام نہیں
 اُن کی پلکوں پر شب و روز کو ہکا کر دے؛
 جن کی آنکھوں کو رُخِ صبح کا یارا بھی نہیں
 اُن کی راتوں میں کوئی شمعِ منور کر دے؛

54. PRAYER

We for whom prayer is a custom forgotten,
 We who except for love's flame
 Know neither idol nor god—
 Come, let us too lift our hands,
 Make our petition that Life, our loved mistress,
 Smooth today's venom with sweets of tomorrow—
 Lighten on them that lack strength for its burden
 Time, and the nights and the days—
 Brighten with lamps in their darkness those eyes
 Dawn's rosy face cannot touch!

PRAYER

- 1 Come, let us also lift our hands,
 We who do not remember the custom of prayer,
 We who, except for the burning fire of love,
 Do not remember any idol, any god.
- 5 Come, let us present a petition that Life, our beloved,
 Will pour tomorrow's sweetness into today's poison;
 That for those who have not strength for the burden of the days,
 May it make night and day (weigh) light on their eyelashes;
 For those whose eyes have not strength for (seeing) the face of
 dawn,
- 10 May it light some candle in their nights;

DU'Ā

- 1 Ā'īye hāth uṭhā'en ham bhī,
 Ham jinheñ rasm-e-du'ā yād nahīn,
 Ham jinheñ soz-e-mahabbat ke siwā
 Ko'ī but, ko'ī khudā yād nahīn.
- 5 Ā'īye 'arz guzāreñ kē nigār-e-hastī
 Zahr-e-imroz meñ shīrīnī-e-fardā bhar-de;
 Vo jinheñ tāb-e-girāñbārī-e-aiyām nahīn
 Unkī palkoñ pē shab o roz ko halkā kar-de;
 Jin-kī āñkhoñ ko rukh-e-ṣubh kā yārā bhī nahīn
- 10 Unkī rātoñ meñ ko'ī sham' munavvar kar-de;

جن کے قدموں کو کسی رہ کا سہارا بھی نہیں
 اُن کی نظروں پہ کوئی راہ اُجاگر کر دے؛
 جن کا دیں پیروی کذب و ریا ہے، اُن کو
 ہمتِ کفر ملے، جُرأتِ تحقیق ملے؛
 جن کے سر مُنتظر تیغِ جفا ہیں، اُن کو
 دستِ قاتل کو جھٹک دینے کی توفیق ملے۔
 عشق کا ستر نہاں جانِ تپاں ہے جس سے
 آج اقرار کریں اور تپش مٹ جائے؛
 حرفِ حقِ دل میں کھٹکتا ہے جو کٹنے کی طرح
 آج اقرار کریں اور خلش مٹ جائے۔

May there be shown to those feet that no
 Pathways have aided, some road—
 May there be given to deceit's slavish votaries
 Will to deny and to seek—
 Courage, to men whose heads tyranny's
 Sword hovers over, to fend off the murderous hand!

Love's hidden mystery—man's fevered soul: today let us
 Make a new covenant with it, its fever be slaked;
 Truth's potent word, that keeps pricking the heart like a
 thorn,
 Make it our own, and the throbbing pain bring to an end.

- For those for whose steps there is no assistance of any road,
 May it make some road luminous to their sight;
 To those whose religion is pursuit of lying and hypocrisy,
 May there come courage for denial, resolution for truth;
 15 To those whose heads are awaiting the sword of oppression,
 May there come capacity to shake off the murderer's hand.
 The hidden secret of love is the fevered soul, with which
 Let us today make a covenant, and let its fever be slaked;
 The word of Truth, which throbs in the heart like a thorn,
 20 Let us today accept, and the anguish be wiped out.

- Jin-ke qadmon ko kisi rah kā sahārā bhī nahīn
 Unkī nazron pē ko'ī rāh ujāgar kar-de;
 Jin-kā dīn pairavī-e-kizb-o-riyā hai, unko
 Himmat-e-kufr mile, jur'at-e-tahqīq mile;
 15 Jin-ke sar muntazir-e-tegh-e-jafā hain, unko
 Dast-e-qātil ko jhaṭak-dene kī tawfiq mile.
 'ishq kā sirr-e-nihān jān-e-tapān hai jis-se
 Āj iqrār karen aur tapish mit-jā'e;
 Harf-e-haq, dil meṁ khaṭaktā hai jo kāṇṭhe kī tarāḥ,
 20 Āj iqrār karen, aur khalish mit-jā'e.

NOTES ON THE INTRODUCTION

1. A Scotswoman who knew him in Afghanistan wrote in fictional form an admiring account of his efforts to establish order: see Lillias Hamilton, *A Vizier's Daughter* (London, 1900).
2. He is therefore, in full, Faiz Ahmad 'Faiz'. His own name, religious like nearly all Muslim names, would mean 'Bounty of the Highly Praised One'—the Prophet. (He writes himself 'Ahmed', not 'Ahmad'.)
3. *The Observer* (London), March 11, 1951, in an article at the time of Faiz's first arrest.
4. In an article on 'Faiz and his Poetry' (in *New Age*, Delhi, April 1956) Sajjad Zaheer wrote: 'The writer of these lines was a co-accused with Faiz in this case . . . and he can testify to the high morale, the patriotic fervour, the serenity and the undaunted courage and faith in the high destiny of his beloved people which Faiz exemplified during this whole period.'
5. It is due to the late administration of President Ayyub Khan to state that Faiz's *Zindān-Nāma* ('Prison Thoughts') was written before its term of office; and that although he was known to be not in sympathy with this administration, the sponsoring of the present volume by Unesco was authorized by it, in recognition of his position as one of the country's most eminent writers.
6. Miss Achla Chib (now Mrs Eccles).
7. This is the view of Mr M. Usman, lecturer in Urdu at Government College, Lahore, who gave me much light on this and many other subjects when I was living in the College in 1965.
8. R. K. Yadav, *The Indian Language Problem* (Delhi, ? 1967), discusses the position of Urdu in Pakistan as well as in India.
9. Faiz expresses a degree of scepticism about the generalizations in this paragraph.
10. Faiz points out that the *kū-e-malāmat* might connote the worldling or the Pharisee, as well as the seeker of illicit pleasure.
11. See e.g. A. J. Arberry, *Sufism* (London, 1956); Khaliq Ahmad Nizami, *Some Aspects of Religion and Politics in India during the 13th Century* (Aligarh University, 1961).
12. My friend and former colleague Mr Kishan Singh, of the Panjabi College at Delhi, has given me valuable information about this folk-poetry, of which he has been a lifelong student.
13. Much Elizabethan sonneteering has a similar character. Cf. Professor Arberry's remark in his English edition of Iqbal's long poem *Javid-Nama* (p. 13) that 'Persian is a language almost ideally suited to deliberate vagueness'.
14. Mr R. Russell of the University of London has written a most illuminating essay, 'The Pursuit of the Urdu Ghazal' (in the *American Journal of Asian Studies*, November 1969). See also, by him and Khurshidul Islam, *Three Mughal Poets* (London, 1969), and *Ghalib: Vol. 1, Life and Letters* (London, 1969).
15. A number of Iqbal's *ghazals* will be found in my *Poems from Iqbal*.

16. See the poem 'Capital and Labour', in *Poems from Iqbal*, pp. 21-3.
17. See W. G. Archer, *Indian Painting in the Punjab Hills* (London, 1952), pp. 5, 39.
18. This point of contrast was stressed during a discussion by Mr S. N. Chib.
19. No. 113 in *Poems from Iqbal*.
20. Dr Nazir Ahmad, in a letter of August 20, 1967. The same critic however has found occasional phrases of Faiz to be in very unorthodox Urdu. (Examples, for the student: no. 38, line 17; no. 52, line 14.)

NOTES ON THE POEMS

(The numbers below are those of poems in this collection; numbers in brackets refer to lines, in the original text and transliteration.)

- Naqsh-e-Faryādī*. This untranslatable title comes from the opening of Ghalib's Urdu poems, where instead of the conventional expression of gratitude to God the poet says that all created things are protesting against their creator.
- 8 (6) The 'alien dust' is an oblique allusion to the withering touch of imperialism; cf. the recurrence of the word *ajnabī* (alien), with a more overtly political reference, in line 14 of the next poem.
- 9 This was a favourite poem at college *mushā'iras*; to student audiences its blend of patriotic and romantic had a special appeal. The verse translation is in approximately the metre of the original.
- 10 The opening couplet parodies that of a poem of Iqbal, 'The Prayer of Tariq'—the Muslim conqueror of Spain. Iqbal's warriors of the faith are endowed with zeal for religion (*ḡauq-e-khudā'ī*), Faiz's mongrels with zeal for cadging (*ḡauq-e-gadā'ī*).
- 11 This poem made a great impression by its extreme simplicity and directness, though its style has seldom been reproduced since, either by imitators or by Faiz himself. The metre and rhyme-scheme of the verse translation are close to those of the original.
- 14 The situation referred to is that of the August rising of 1942 in India, though more than one interpretation is possible. The sonnet-form used in the translation seems not inappropriate. I once pointed out to Faiz that several of his poems were in fourteen lines, and asked whether they had been influenced by the sonnet; he said this might have happened without his being conscious of it, but fourteen lines happened to suit several of his rhyme-patterns.
- 15 (4) The two worlds are that of sense, and the other, invisible one.
- 15 (8) *Parda-e-sāz* is a musical term, for note or key, so that there is a kind of double meaning here.
- Dast-e-Ṣabā*. *Ṣabā* is any light breeze, particularly of early morning; it recurs frequently in these poems, and may be said to symbolize both a prisoner's tenuous contact with the free world outside, and mankind's hopes of liberation.
- 17 One of several poems that Faiz composed in solitary confinement, when deprived of writing materials, and was only able to write down several months later.
- 17 (1) *Lauḥ-o-qalam* is an instance of a religious memory woven into a new context, as not infrequently with Faiz. Traditionally the phrase relates to the Book of Destiny where all that was to happen was written down before the creation of the world. For Faiz, who uses it several times in poems of this

- period (it forms the title of no. 20), it seems to symbolize the artist's endowment and his responsibility to his fellow-men.
- 18 The verse translation follows the *ghazal* form of the original, and its metre, except that its four feet (of five syllables each) are reduced to three.
- 18 (2) Faiz says that this line relates to recollections of youthful hope, with frustration and fulfilment alternating. But the whole poem is enigmatic and elusive.
- 18 (9-10) The antithesis of *rind* and *muhtasib*, rake and official censor of morals, is traditional, with a frequent insinuation that the latter is a hypocrite, no better in reality than the former. Possibly this couplet is linked to the previous ones by an implied suggestion that sinner and puritan are equally fascinated by the lady with whom the poet is in love.
- 20 (3-4) Conventionally what lends the world vitality is love, or—virtually identical with it—the *pain* of love. The poet will keep inspiring men with the things (*asbāb*) that cause or constitute love and prevent the world from withering into a desert.
- 20 (9-10) An example of old symbols adapted to new meanings. The tavern and its wine stand for genuine religious feeling, the *haram* or shrine for formal, perfunctory belief; here they suggest political idealism in contrast with soulless bureaucracy, and the *sanam* of line 12—idol, or mistress—is the People.
- 23 The poem was originally entitled 'Two Voices'. The metre of the verse translation is close to that of the Urdu, which except in the third stanza is in rhymed couplets like the translation.
- 23 (28) *Nuḥq*, 'mind', might also be rendered as 'the faculty of speech'.
- 23 (30) Kai: Khosrau, the ancient Persian king.
- 25 Written in solitary confinement in the spring of 1951, when Faiz was awaiting trial and there was reason to fear the worst.
- 25 (14) *Jabr* and *ikhtiyār* have the theological sense of necessity and free will; in this context they imply the alternative of slavish submission or revolt.
- 28 (5-6) Cool cloudy days and moonlit nights are the two times poetically regarded as appropriate to convivial parties, and therefore must awaken painful memories of friends one is cut off from.
- 30 Some revision of this poem has been made by Faiz for the present edition. It should be taken in a general sense, not as referring to any particular place or time.
- 31 The verse translation follows the *ghazal* form of the original.

- 31 (2) The opening of the buds is compared with the *chāh-e-giribān*, the tearing of the garment from collar or breast downward, the traditional expression of unbearable emotion; cf. 13 (14).
- 31 (3-4) That is, signs of political progress could be observed here and there in the world. Asked about these signs, Faiz mentioned events in Persia, Egypt, Africa, and East Pakistan.
- 32 'May I be a sacrifice to—': a familiar expression of devotion, here ironical. Throughout this poem, as in various others, the poet uses the first person plural which may, as in Latin or Greek, denote either 'we' or 'I'. In this case he recommended that both words should figure in the translation, the idea being that one man is saying what many men are feeling.
- 32 (5-6) *Bast-o-kushād*, or 'administration', means literally 'closing and opening', and there is a punning allusion to a line of Sa'di where the same words refer to stones being kept shut up while dogs are turned loose. The point is that citizens are allowed no means of defending themselves against persecution.
- 32 (19 ff.) There are echoes here of Iqbal's poem *Main aur Tū* ('I and You'), in *Bāng-e-Darā*, with its allusion to the Quranic story, a favourite with Iqbal, of how Nimrod the tyrant, who pretended to be a god, tried to burn Abraham at the stake, and how the flames turned miraculously into flowers. At the end of this poem Faiz writes, in the 1967 edition, *Nā-tamām*—'Unfinished'.
- 35 The city for whose familiar sights, so close to him yet invisible, the poet felt homesick, was old Lahore. He was brought here from Montgomery jail for a short time in the spring of 1954. The poem was begun at Lahore on March 28 and finished at Montgomery on April 15.
- 35 (14) *Lailas*, or 'sweethearts': Laila was the legendary lover of Majnun, and romantic love and political idealism are, as so often, equated.
- 36 Written in Montgomery jail in December 1954. The crosses or crucifixes of the poem are those formed by the grating of bars over the cell window. For Muslims, Jesus is a prophet and miracle-worker, but is not believed to have suffered the shameful humiliation of crucifixion. Faiz is the first Urdu poet to make an imaginative use of the idea of death on the cross.
- 37 Written in Montgomery jail on March 30, 1955. The original title was 'Africa Come Back'—a phrase that Faiz had heard of as the watchword of rebels in some part of Africa. A number of his poems have circulated in East Africa in Swahili versions.
- Dast-e-tah-e-Saḅḅ*—a forced promise; one makes a pledge by

- putting one's hand in another's, but if the hand is trapped under a rock instead, no choice is left.
- 39 Impressions of a night at Urumchi in Sinkiang. The poem has a companion-piece called 'Peking'.
- 40 Written in April 1957.
- 41 A prison poem of 1956.
- 41 (5) I give the meaning as explained by Faiz, but the image, taken straightforwardly, is a curious one.
- 41 (6) The sacred marks on the forehead, and the smearing with ashes, belong to a Hindu holy man; and the closing lines evoke the morning ritual of a Hindu temple, with conch-shells blown to summon worshippers.
- 42 A poem in defence of patriots subjected to slander and misrepresentation.
- 44 (17-18) The wording is unusual; I give the meaning as explained by Faiz.
- 46 This and the next poem are coupled as 'Two Elegies' (*Do Marṣiye*); they were written in memory of a young progressive who perished in prison. He is imagined to be speaking in his own person. *Mulāqāt*—meeting, interview, visit—became a prisoners' term for a *visitor* allowed to see them.
- 47 (8) The madman pelted with stones by street urchins is a common poetical image.
- 47 (12-13) A quotation from Ghalib.
- 48 Written at Moscow, August 1963.
- 48 (4) *Khūn-e-jigar hone tak* is a phrase from Ghalib. The liver is associated with a more tender, affectionate kind of love than the heart.
- 49 Written at Moscow in 1963.
- 49 (12-13) There is an echo here, as so often, of Ghalib.
- 50 Written at Moscow in 1964. The recurrent word *āhista* usually means 'slowly', but may also mean 'softly': here, as Faiz pointed out to me, the two senses run into each other.
- 52 (10) *Yad-e-bezā*: a phrase used of the miraculous shining of Moses's hand in the presence of Pharaoh.
- 52 (14) The wording is obscure; Faiz says it means: 'till the river finds its banks'—that is, I suppose, when the floodwater subsides and the banks re-emerge.
- 52 (16) *Fanā*, 'death' or 'destruction', was a term of the Sufi mystics for the total submergence of the conscious self in the infinite.
- 54 *Hamd*, 'praise', often signifies a hymn, or praise of God.
- 54 (19) There is an echo here of the last line but one of Iqbal's poem *Jabrīl o Iblīs* ('Gabriel and Satan'), in *Bāl-e-Jabrīl*, but with a transposition of meaning.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

At last half-promise of a spring has come—	page 179
At times, at times, in remembrance faintly old scenes reviving,	119
Before you came, all things were what they are—	253
Be near me—	257
Bury me, oh my country, under your pavements,	183
Cut them all down, these crippled plants,	213
Darkness an ever-deepening flood,	105
Do not ask how much I have longed for you	133
Far on the horizon a tremor of light flickered.	235
Fresh yet in memory,	163
God never send a time when you too mourn—	51
If I could know for certain, my fellow-man, my friend—	109
If ink and pen are snatched from me, shall I	117
I have caught the madness of your drum,	209
In my barred window is hung many a cross,	205
In the mind's hall, holding each his dead lamp,	97
In the sky, while evening's star burns out among twilight embers,	161
I shall not cease to feed this pen, but still	129
It is as if each tree	227
It was still dark, when standing by my pillow	193
Last night your faded memory filled my heart	49
Listless and wan, green patch by patch, noonday dries up;	201
Long years those hands, unfriended and unfree,	101
Love, do not ask me for that love again.	65
Midnight, moon, oblivion—	55
Night at this season comes on like flowing wine;	243
No more now shall the drum sound, and no more	219
No spur left now for endeavour; gone, ambition of soaring; we have done	137
Not enough the tear-stained eye, the storm-tossed life,	231
Once more a Day of Wrath's loud din	149
On every pathway broods this hour of waiting,	151
On gate and roof a crushing load of silence—	63
Only a few days, dear one, a few days more.	79
Round you my memories of that fair one twine	69

Shadows and road—trees, dwellings, doors—rim of the roof;	261
Since all the lamps went out	269
Someone has come at last, sad heart!—No, no-one is there;	77
Sovereign lady of life's city,	239
Speak, for your two lips are free;	87
Step by step by its twisted stairway	189
Suddenly pierced today by the sharp lance of my gaze	249
The pain will end—do not wail,	267
There was such pain that night my maddened spirit	273
The softness of her fingers is in this dawn-wind's hand;	135
The whole wall has grown dim, to the circling roof;	245
This leprous daybreak, dawn night's fangs have mangled—	123
Today loneliness like a well-tried friend	225
Touch tonight no chord of sorrow,	59
Twilight is burning out and turning chill,	91
We for whom prayer is a custom forgotten,	277
We too shall see the goal of hope's long race;	155
Whilst we breathe, still in the Street of Rapture robed	159
Who are they, these	173
With fiery zeal endowed—to beg,	83